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THE MANSIONS

of the Gods

Written by René GOSCINNY

Illustrated by Albert UDERZO



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO
PRESENT
An Asterix Adventure

THE MANSIONS OF THE GODS

Written by RENÉ GOSCINNY *and Illustrated by* ALBERT UDERZO

Translated by Anthea Bell *and* Derek Hockridge





THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



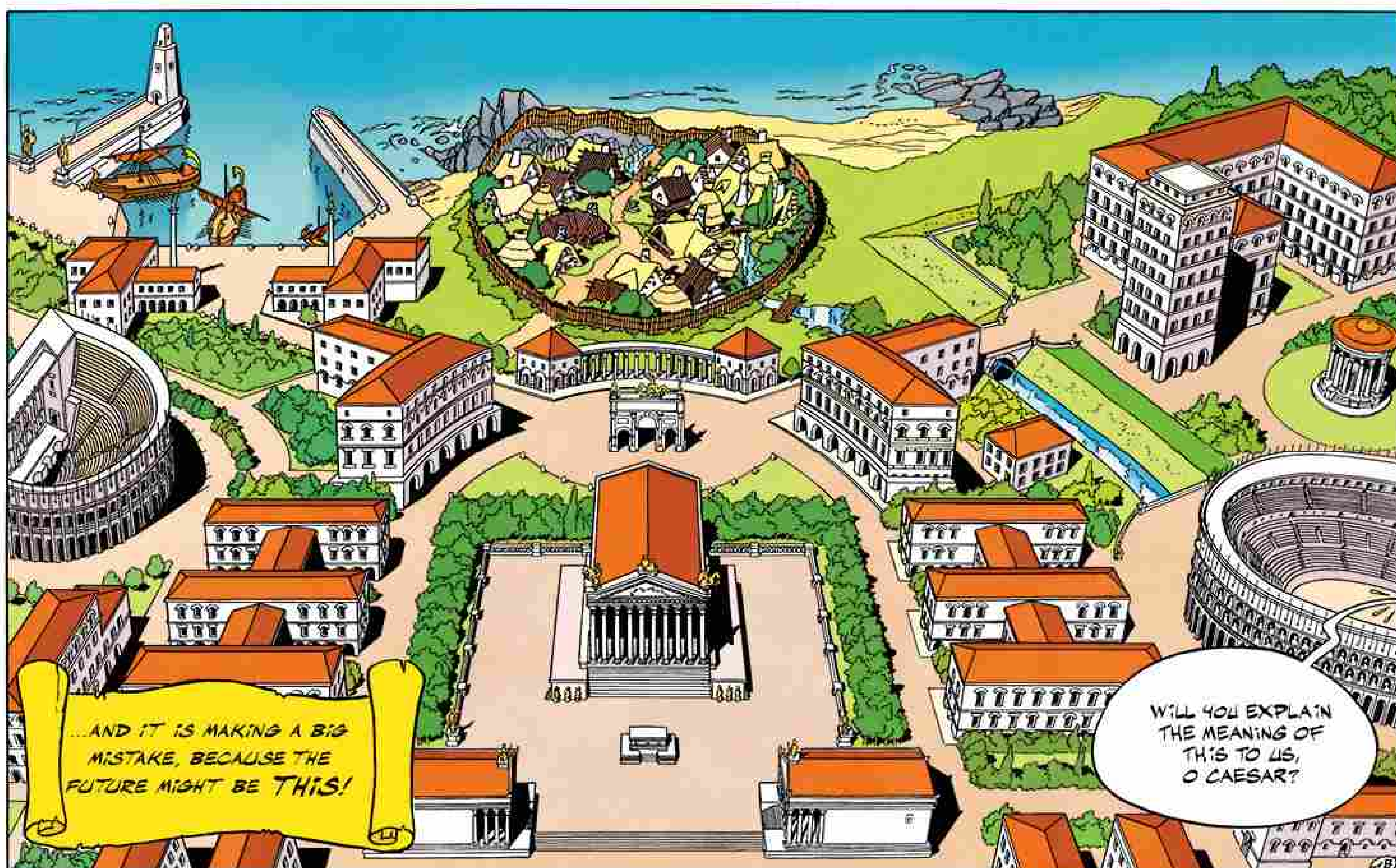
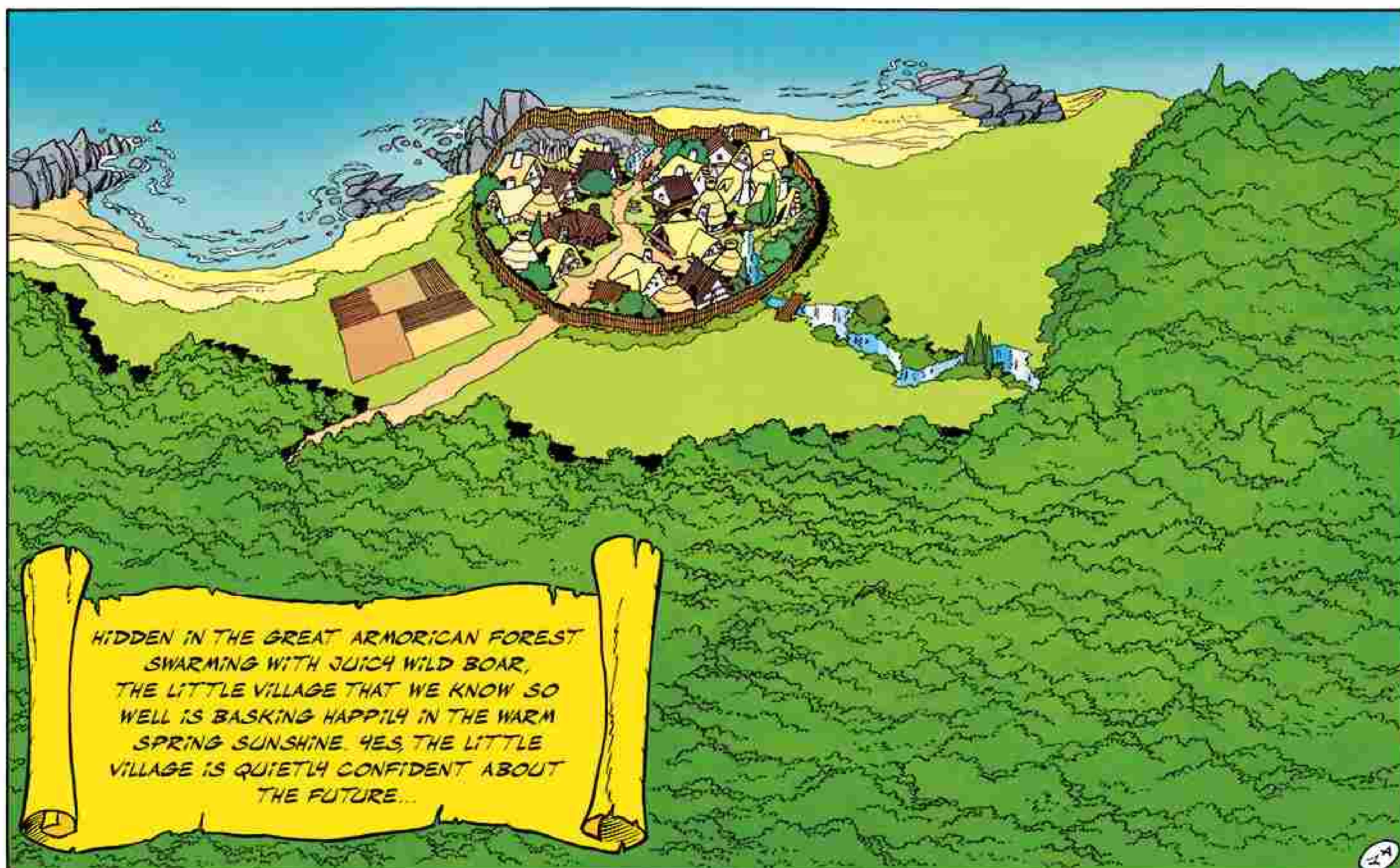
GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .

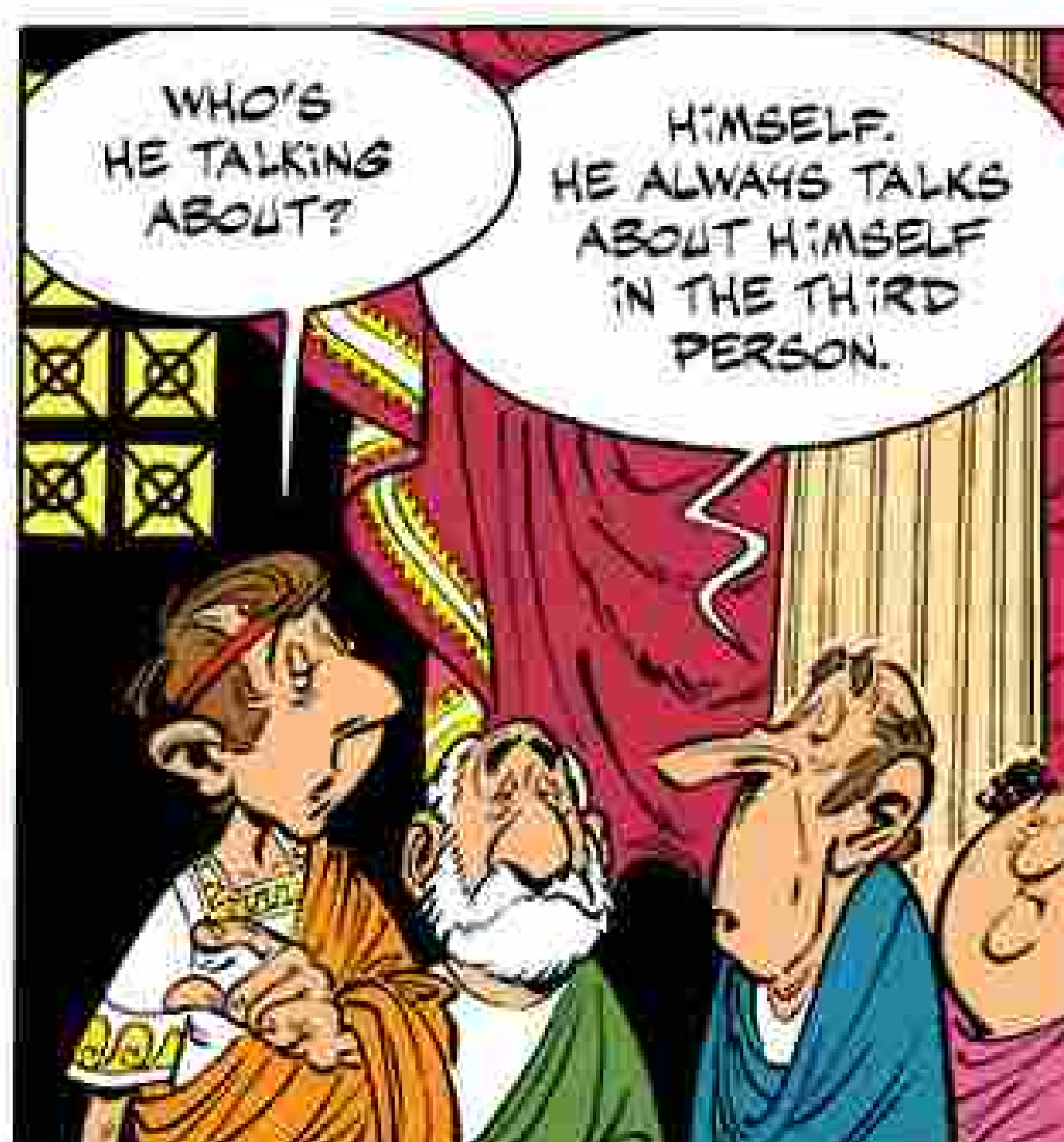
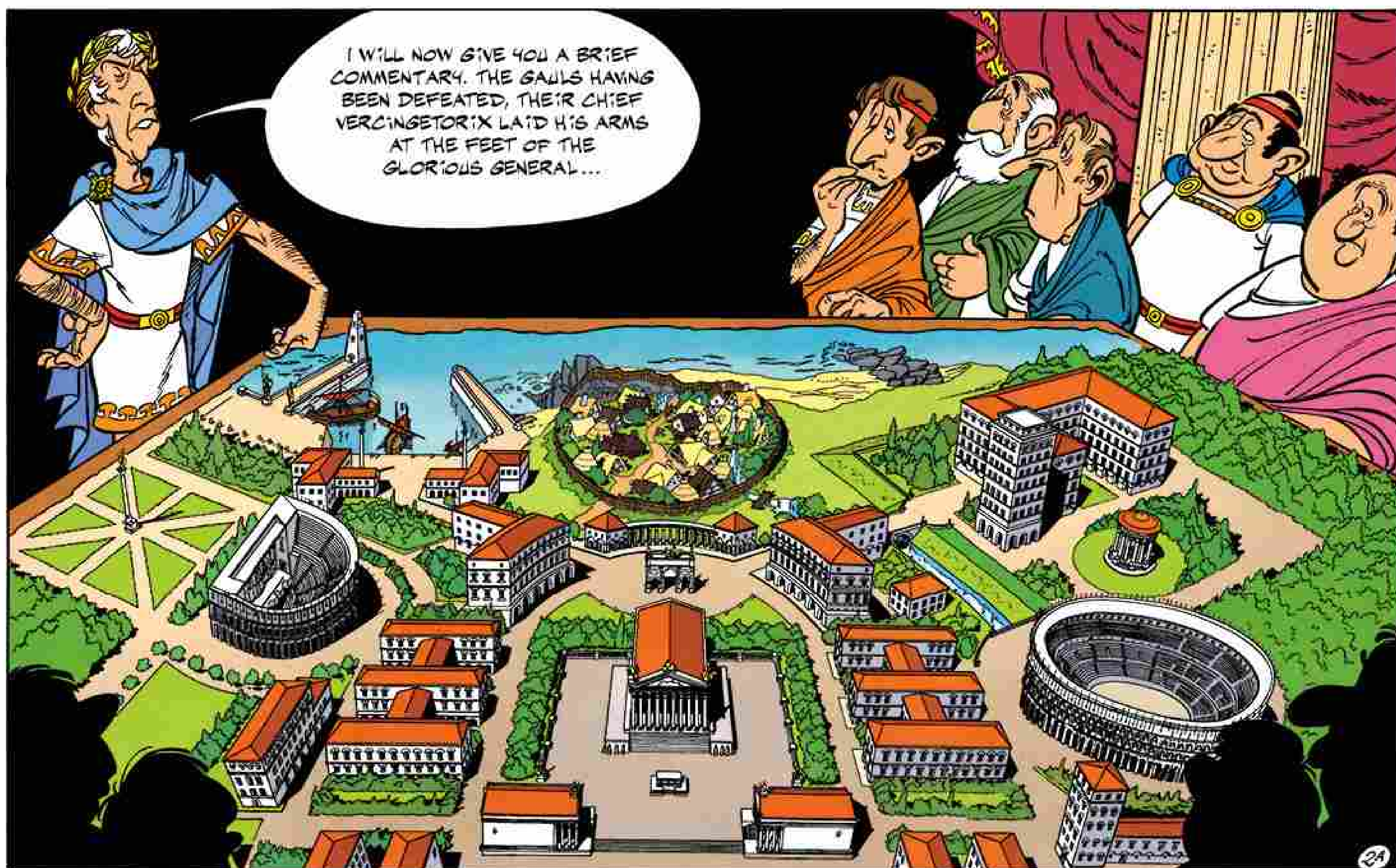


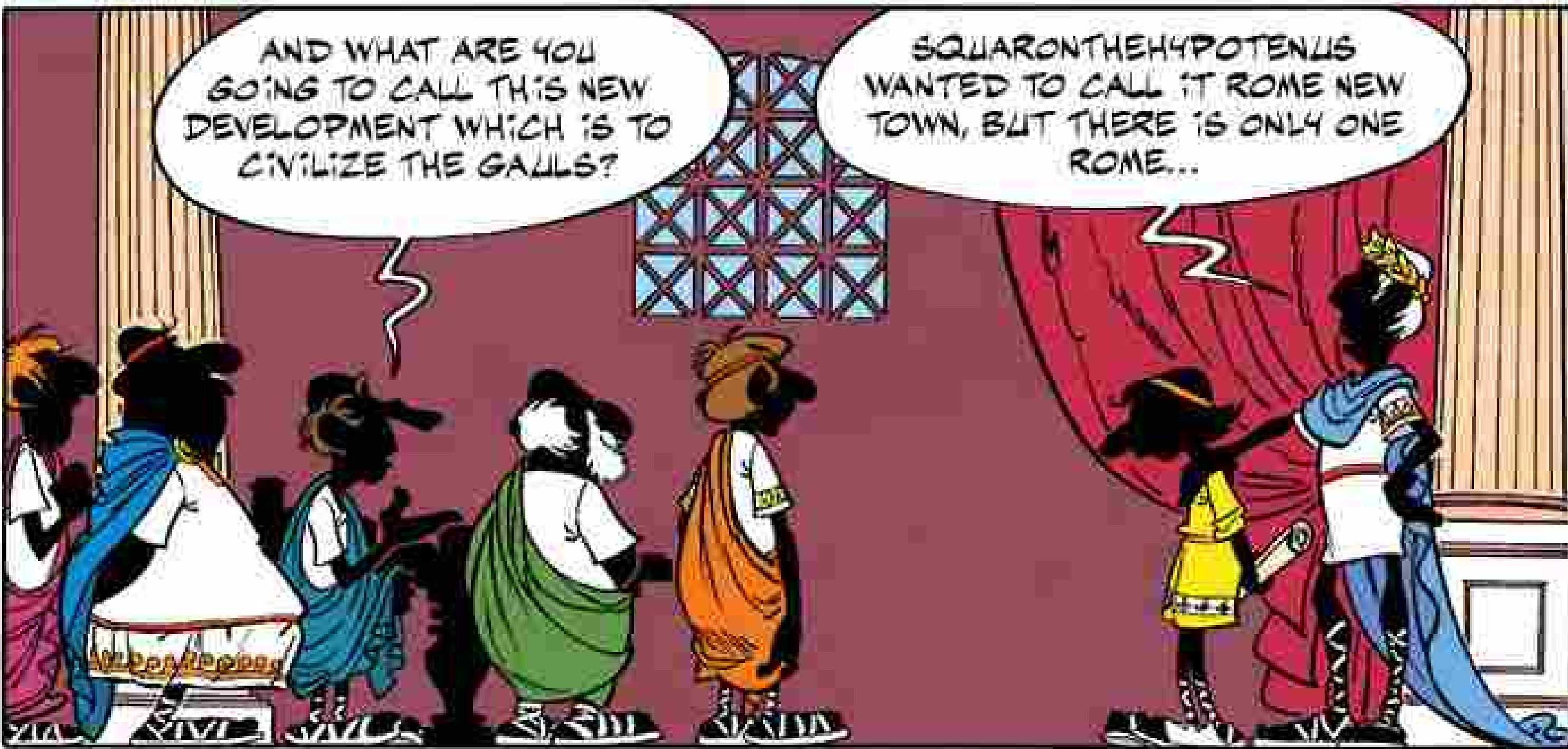
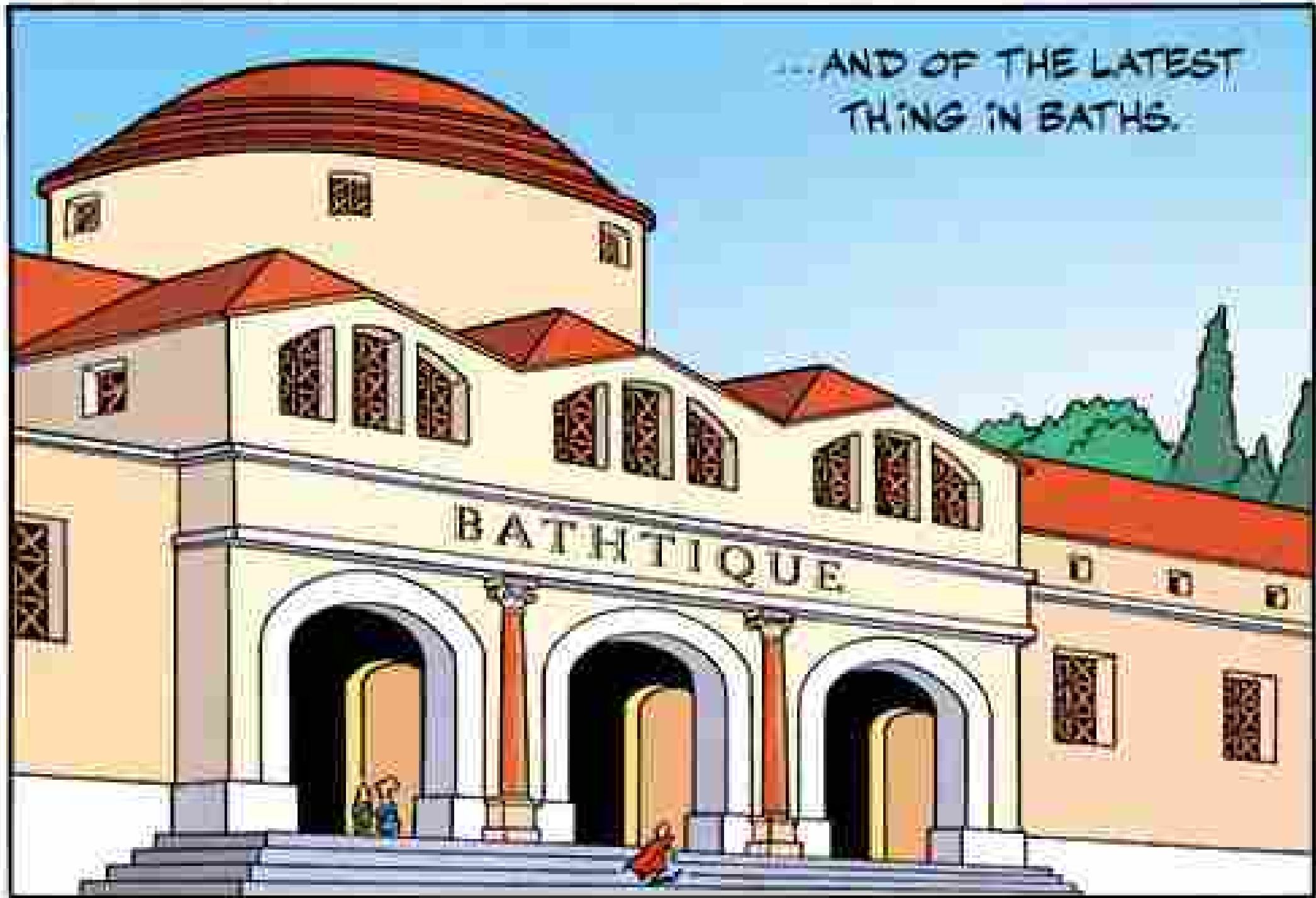
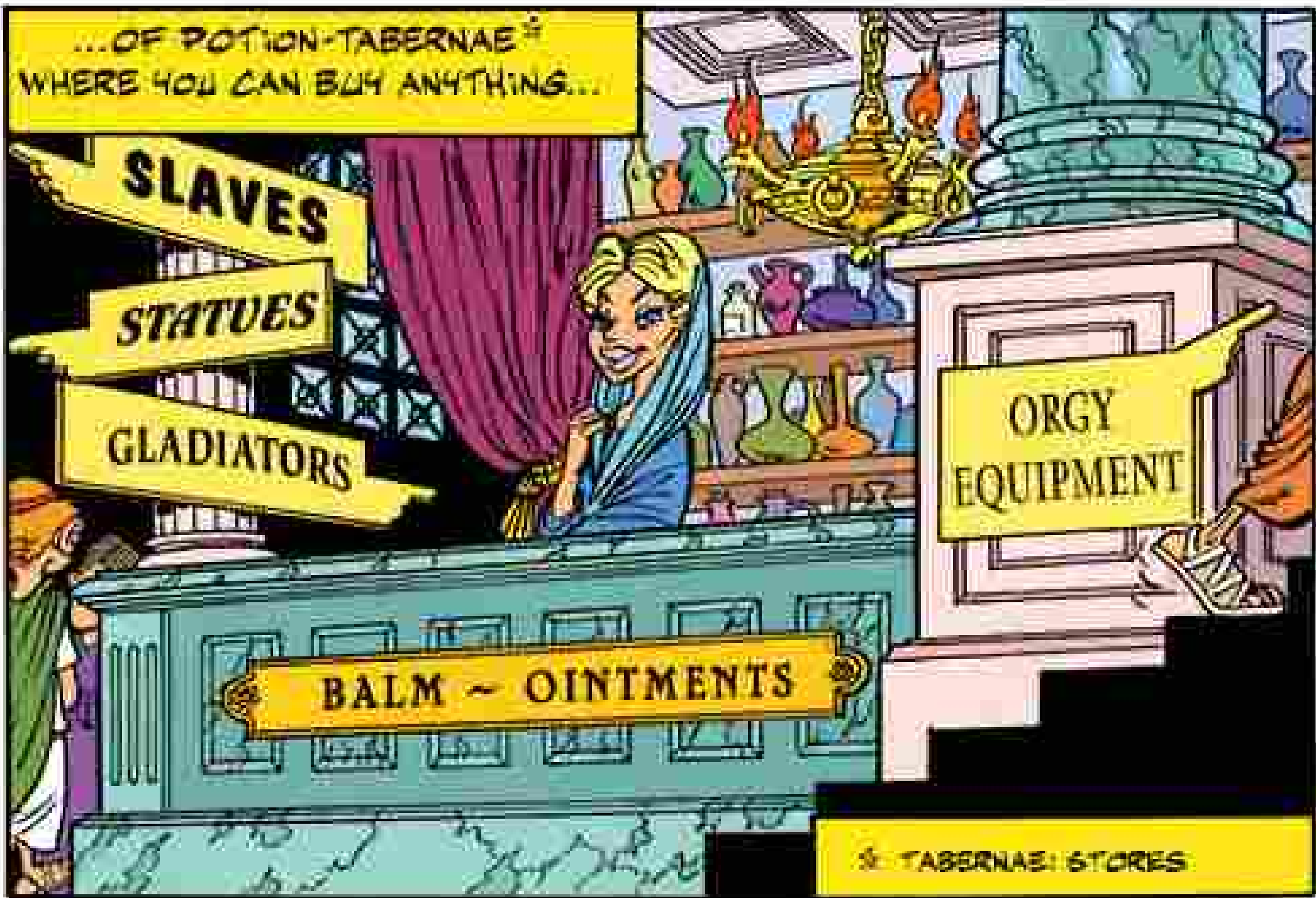
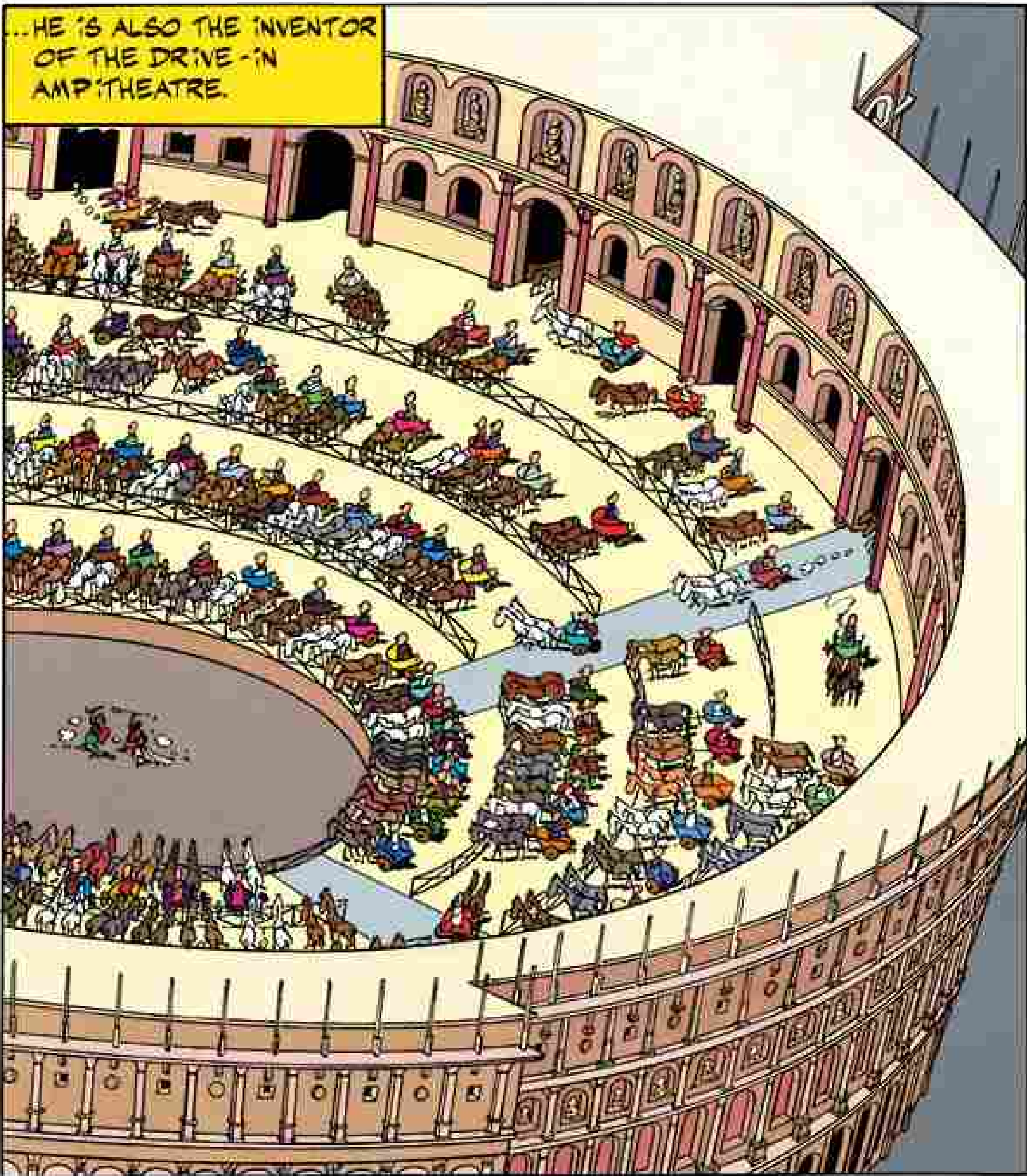
CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .



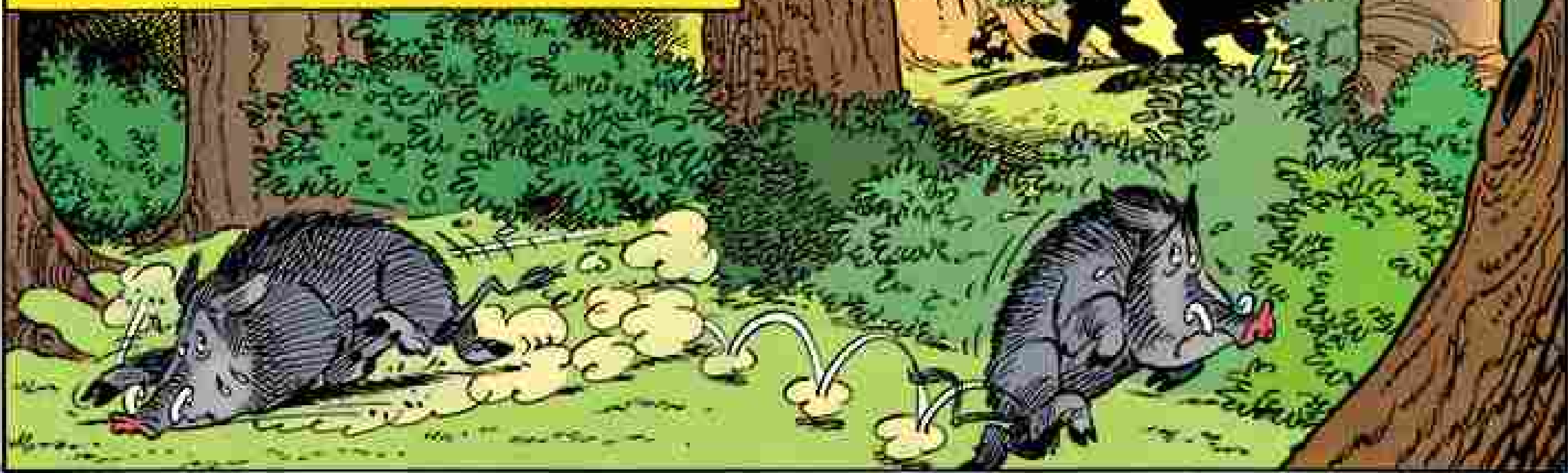
FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.







AT THE MOMENT, PEACE REIGNS ON THE FUTURE SITE OF THE MANSIONS OF THE GODS, AND ONLY THE BOARS SEEM TO HAVE ANY REASON TO WORRY.



THERE'S SOMEONE COMING! LET'S HIDE IN THIS THICKET!



WELL, I THINK THEY OUGHT TO DO THE HIDING! IT'S OUR FOREST, AFTER ALL!



...AND TEN FEET, THAT MAKES SIX HUNDRED AND TWO FEET, THREE HANDS...

???



WE'LL START THE NEXT SET OF MEASUREMENTS FROM THIS TREE.



DOGMATIX! HEEL!

GRRRRRRAOOO



OUCH!



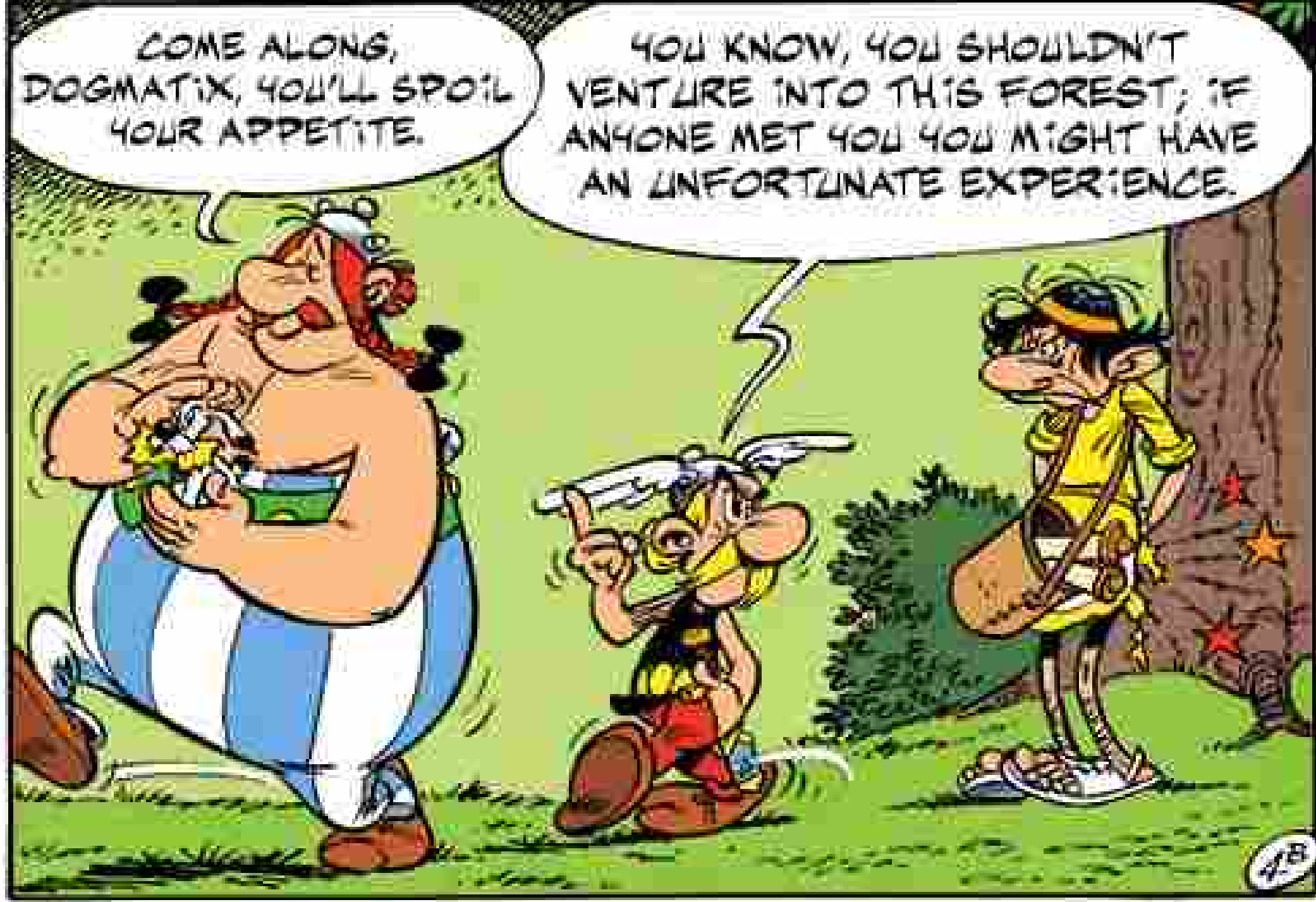
CALL YOUR DOG OFF!

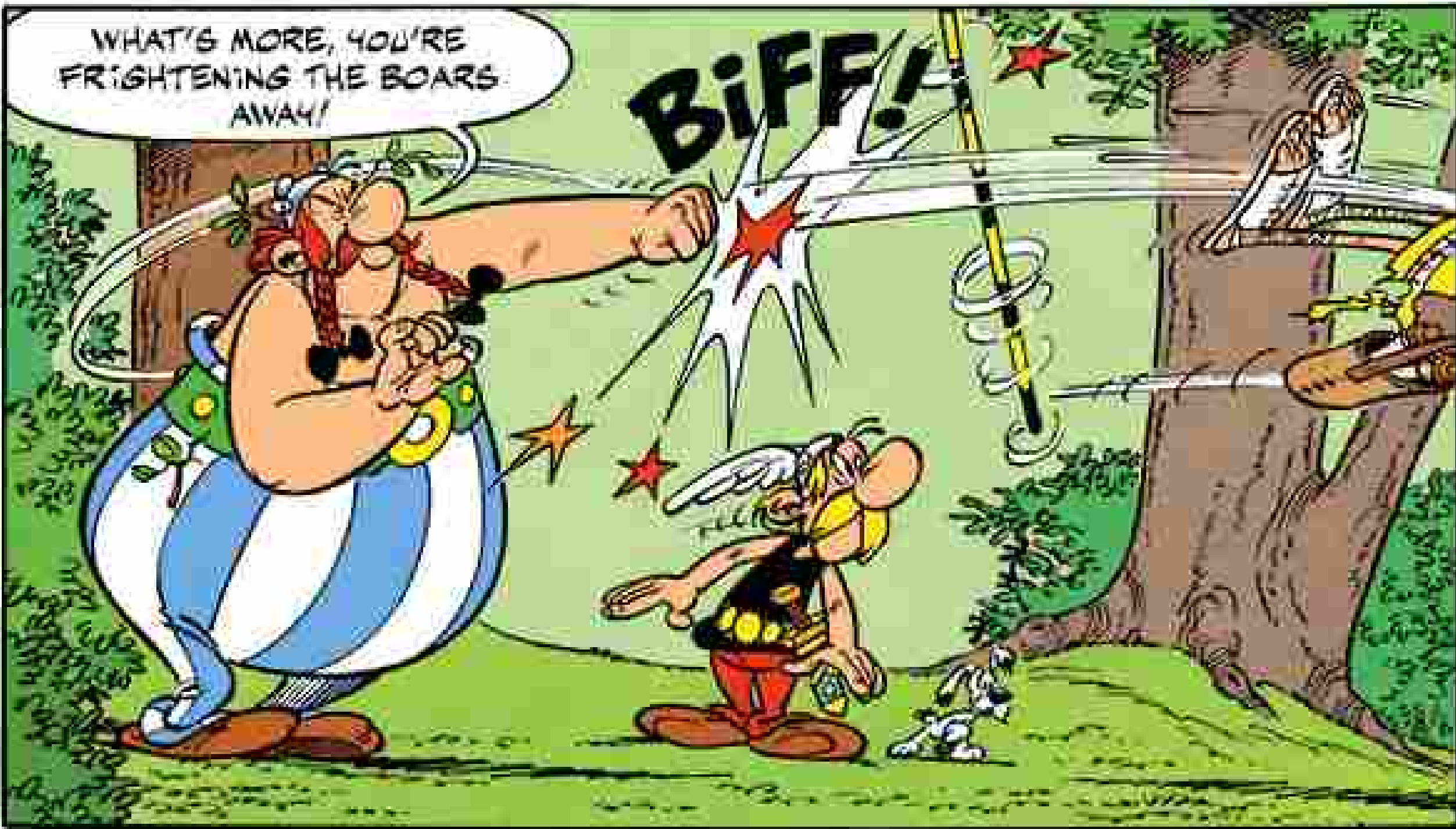
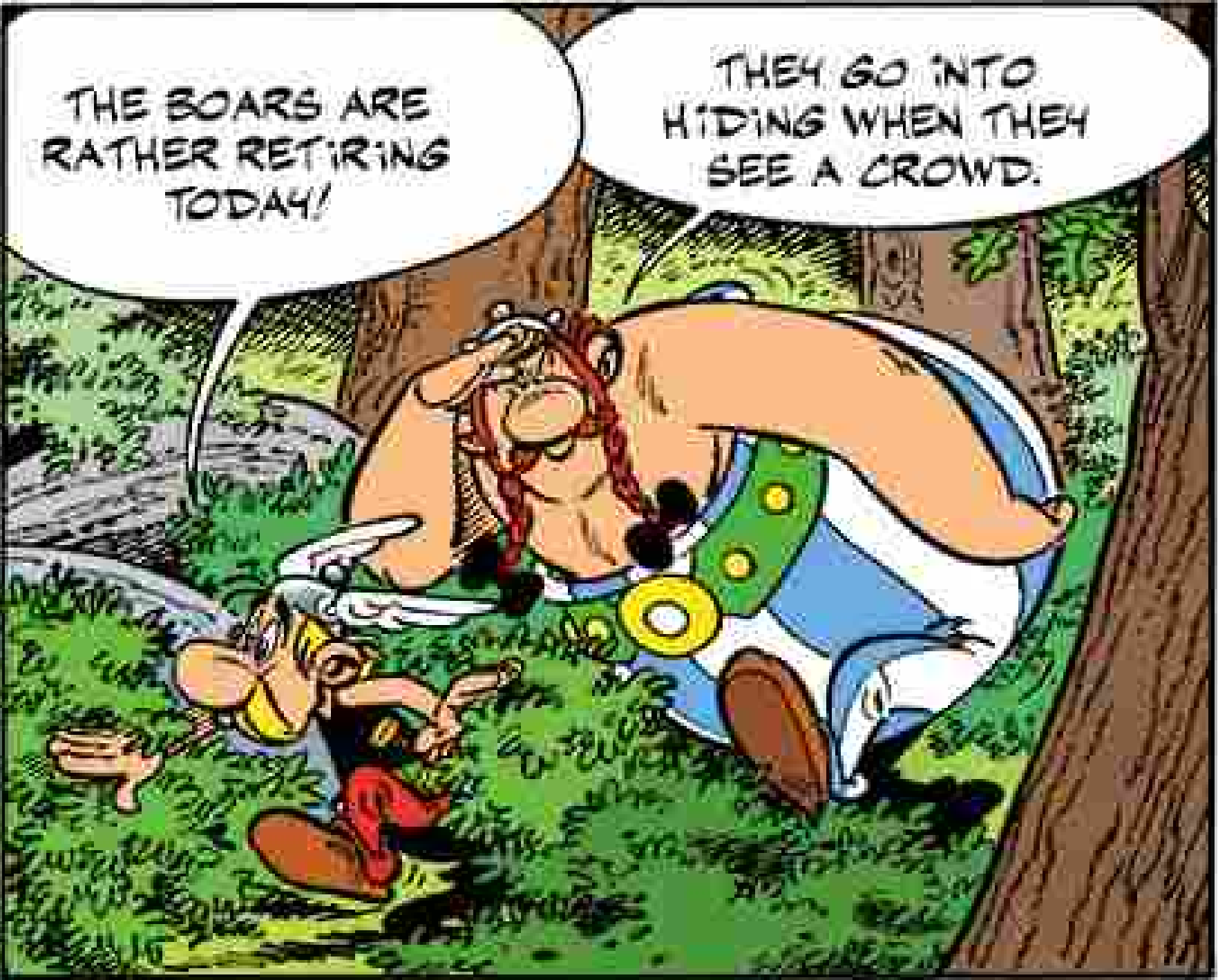
ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T GO INTERFERING WITH TREES IN FRONT OF DOGMATIX. HE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

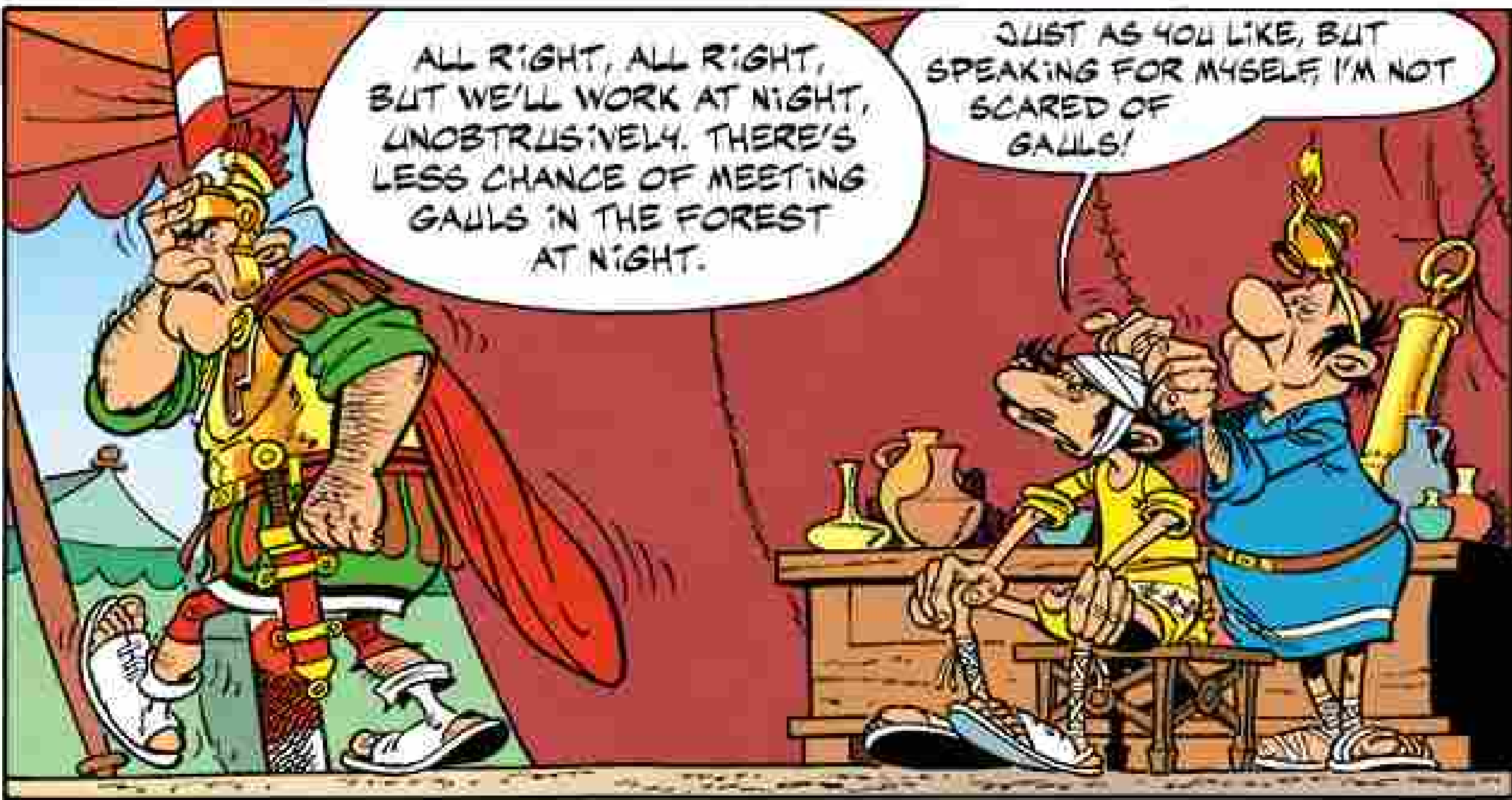


COME ALONG, DOGMATIX, YOU'LL SPOIL YOUR APPETITE.

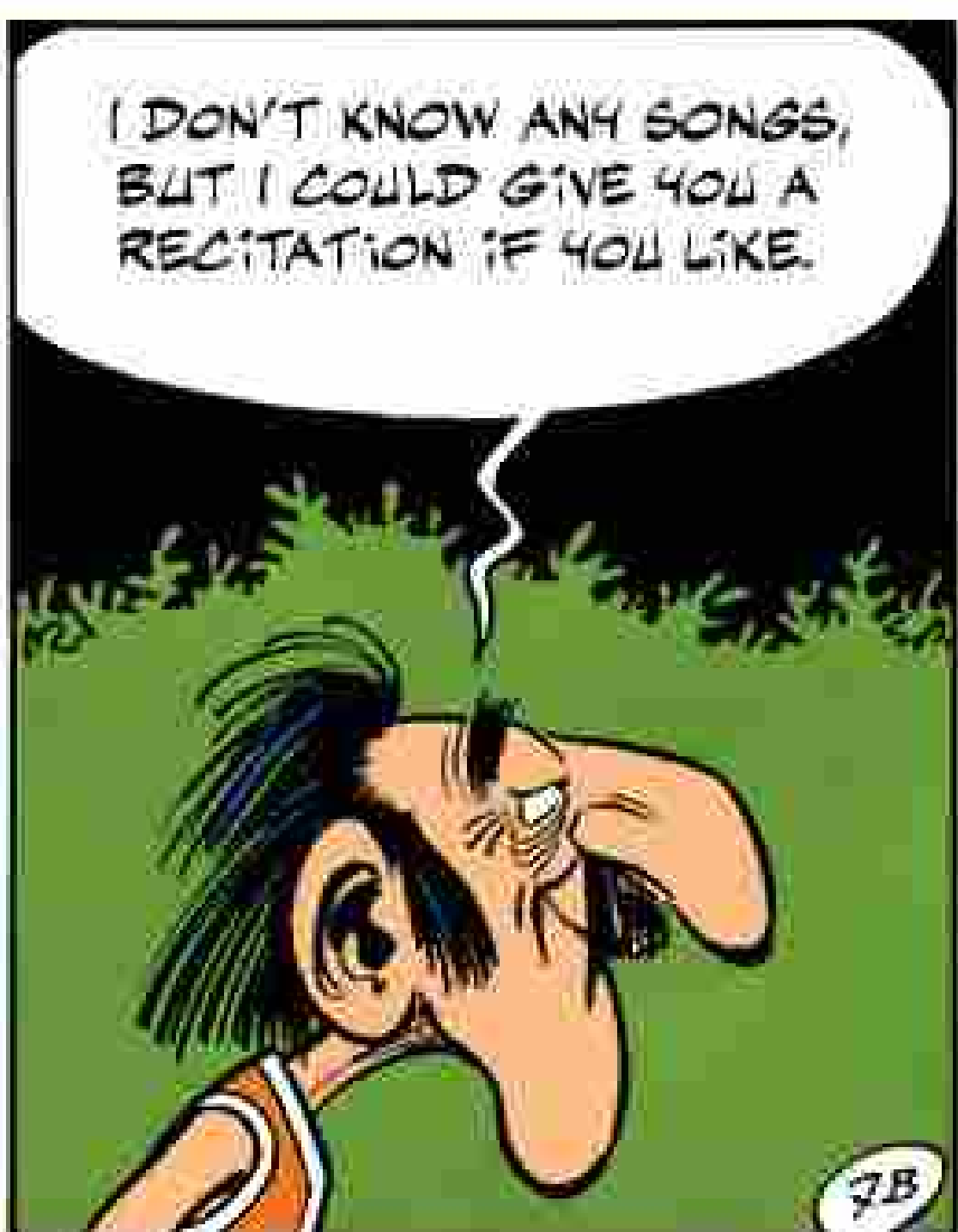
YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T VENTURE INTO THIS FOREST; IF ANYONE MET YOU YOU MIGHT HAVE AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE.

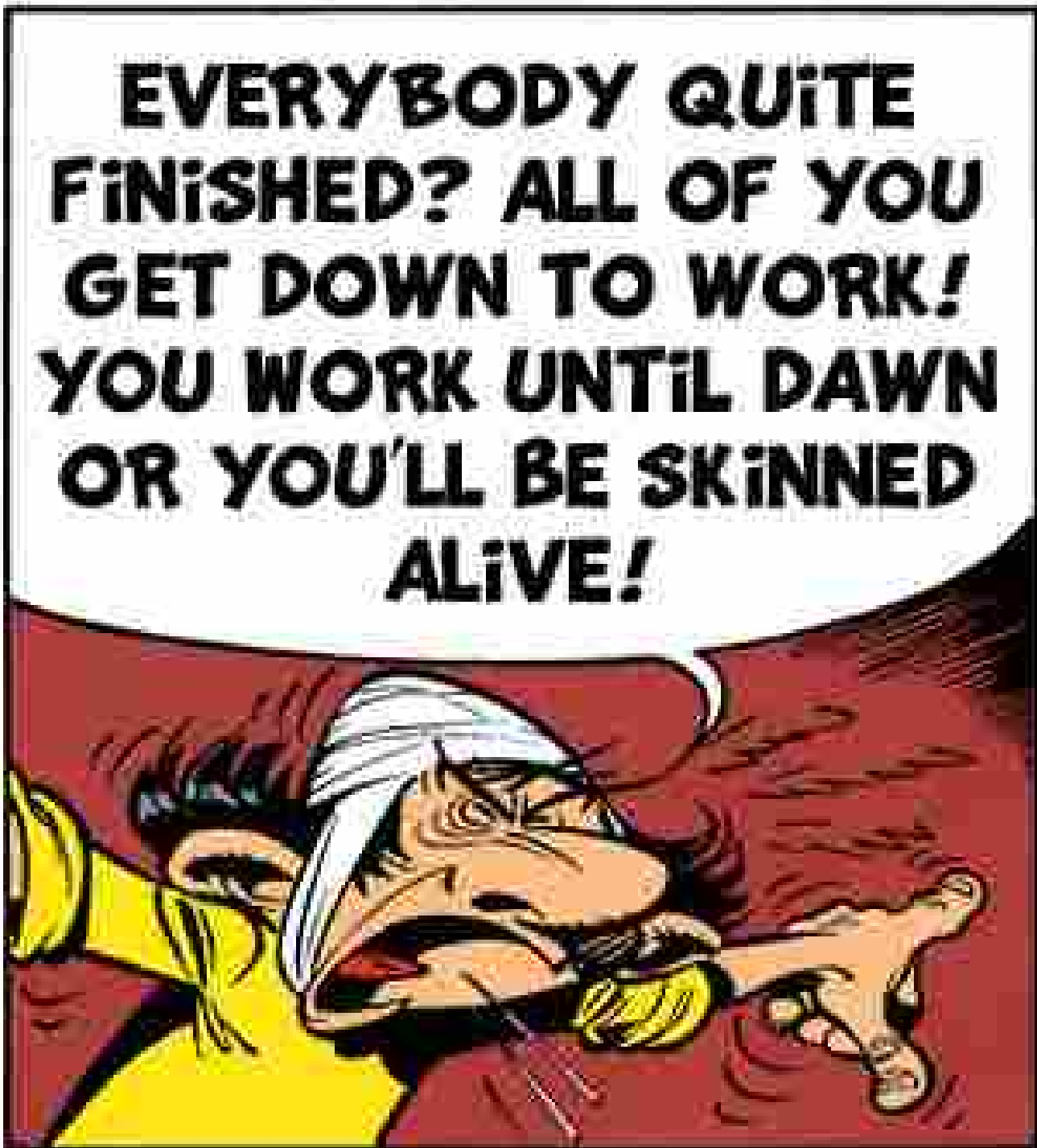


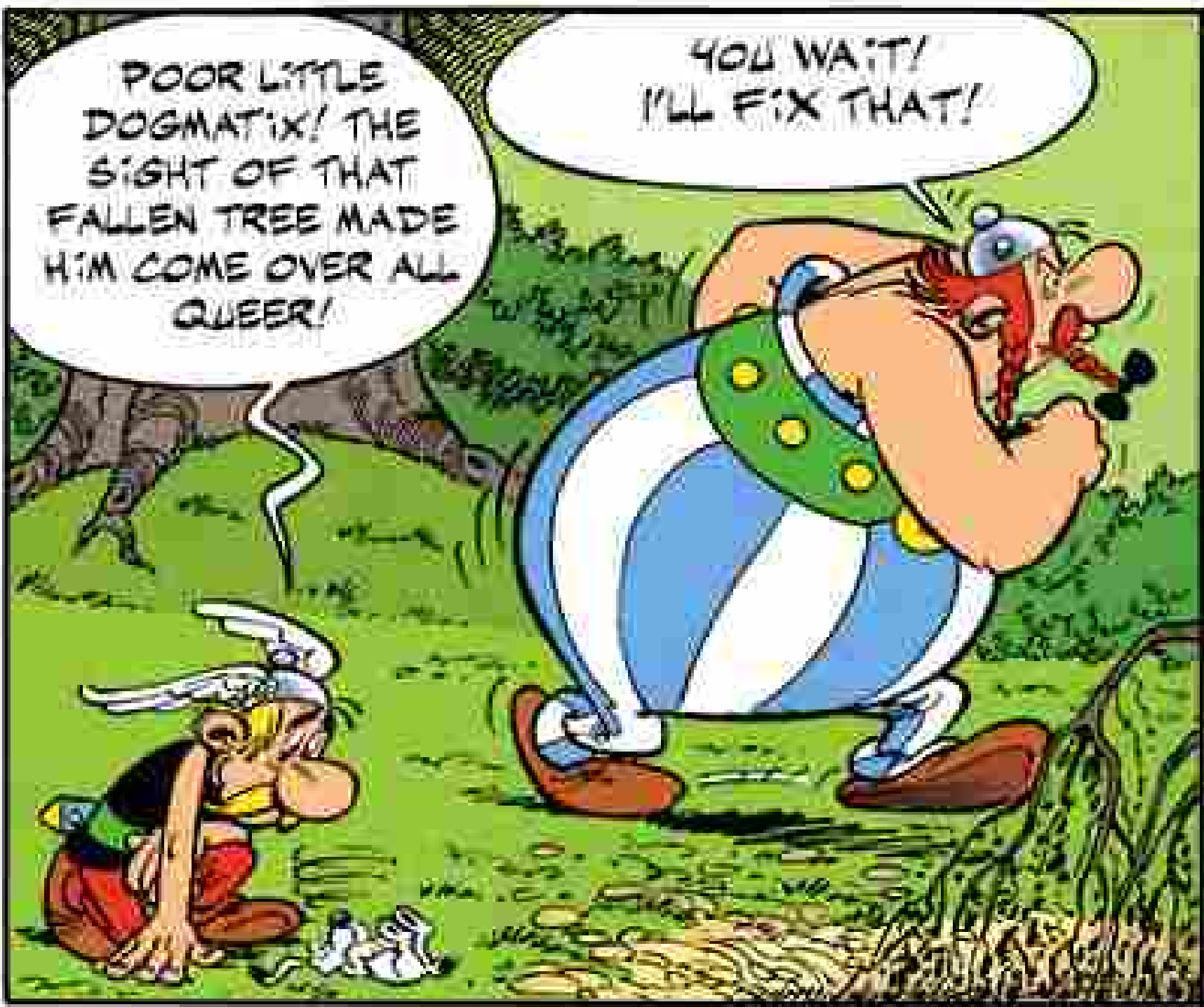
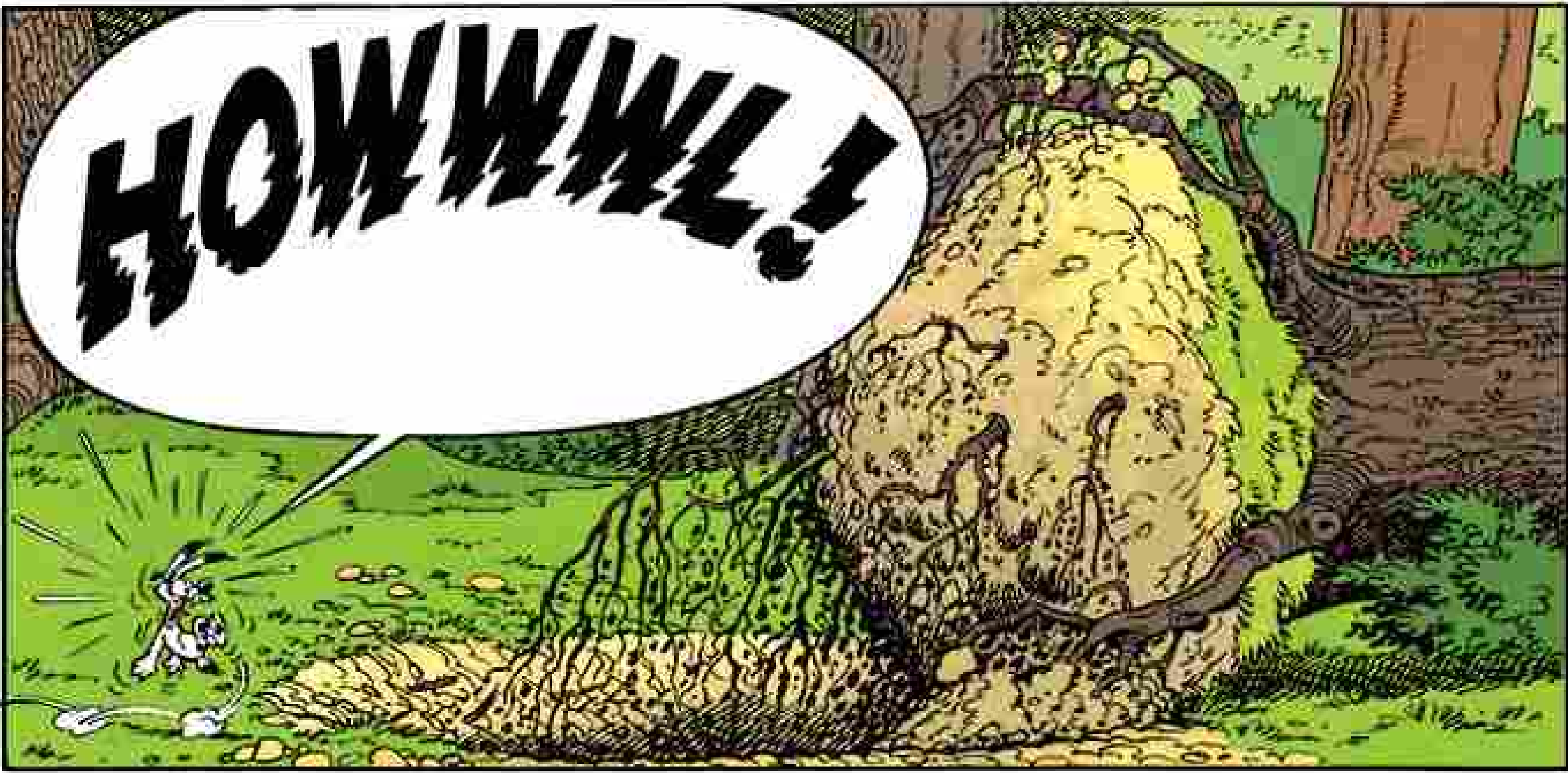




THAT VERY NIGHT, TOGETHER WITH THEIR OVERSEERS AND AN ESCORT OF LEGIONARIES, A COLUMN OF IBERIAN, LUSITANIAN, NUMIDIAN, BELGIAN AND GOTHIC SLAVES IS MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS THE FOREST...









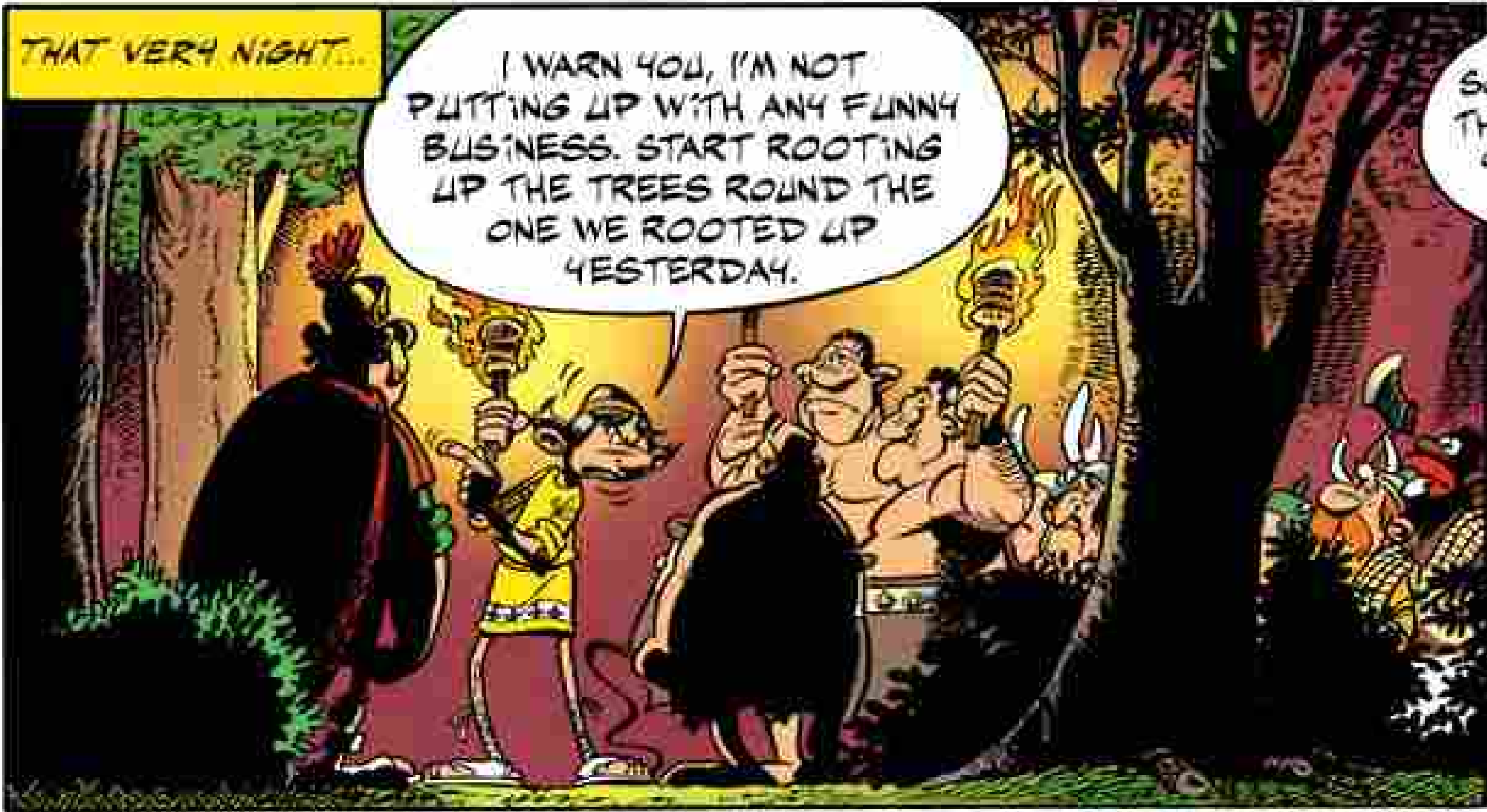
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SET ON GOING BACK TONIGHT?

YOU BET I AM! WE'RE GOING TO DEMOLISH THIS FOREST, AND THEN THE MANSIONS OF THE GODS WILL BECOME A REALITY! BESIDES, THE GAULS AREN'T DANGEROUS. THEY DIDN'T TURN A HAIR AT ALL THE ROW WE WERE KICKING UP!



THEY HAVE MAGICAL POWERS. THE TREES OF THE FOREST ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THEM.

BEAT! PAUPERES SPIRITU!



THAT VERY NIGHT...

I WARN YOU, I'M NOT PUTTING UP WITH ANY FUNNY BUSINESS. START ROOTING UP THE TREES ROUND THE ONE WE ROOTED UP YESTERDAY.



SQUARONTHEYPOTENUS, THE TREE WE ROOTED UP YESTERDAY HAS TAKEN ROOT AGAIN!



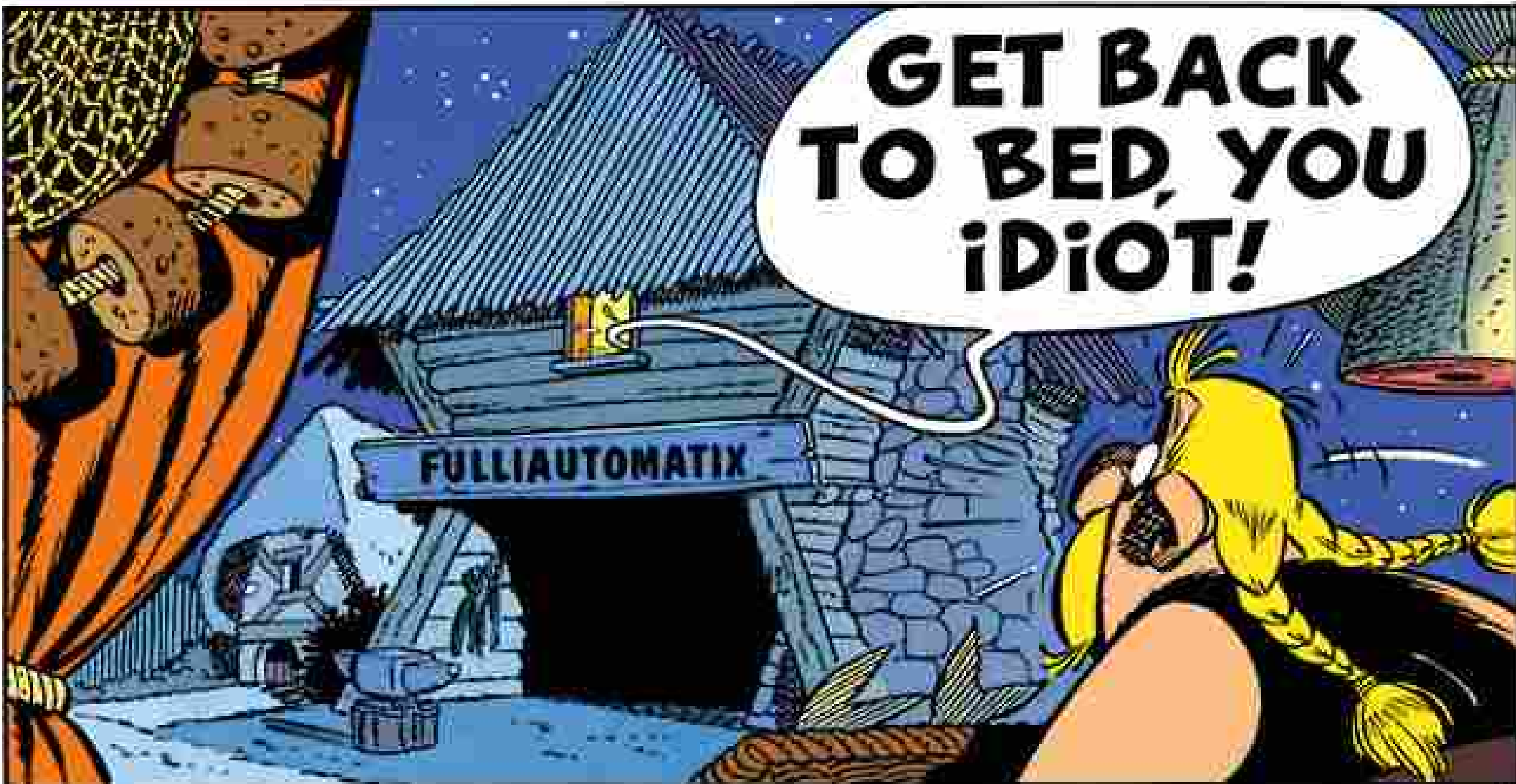
CO...CO...
COME
AGAIN?



CO...CO...
COCK-A-DOPE-DO!



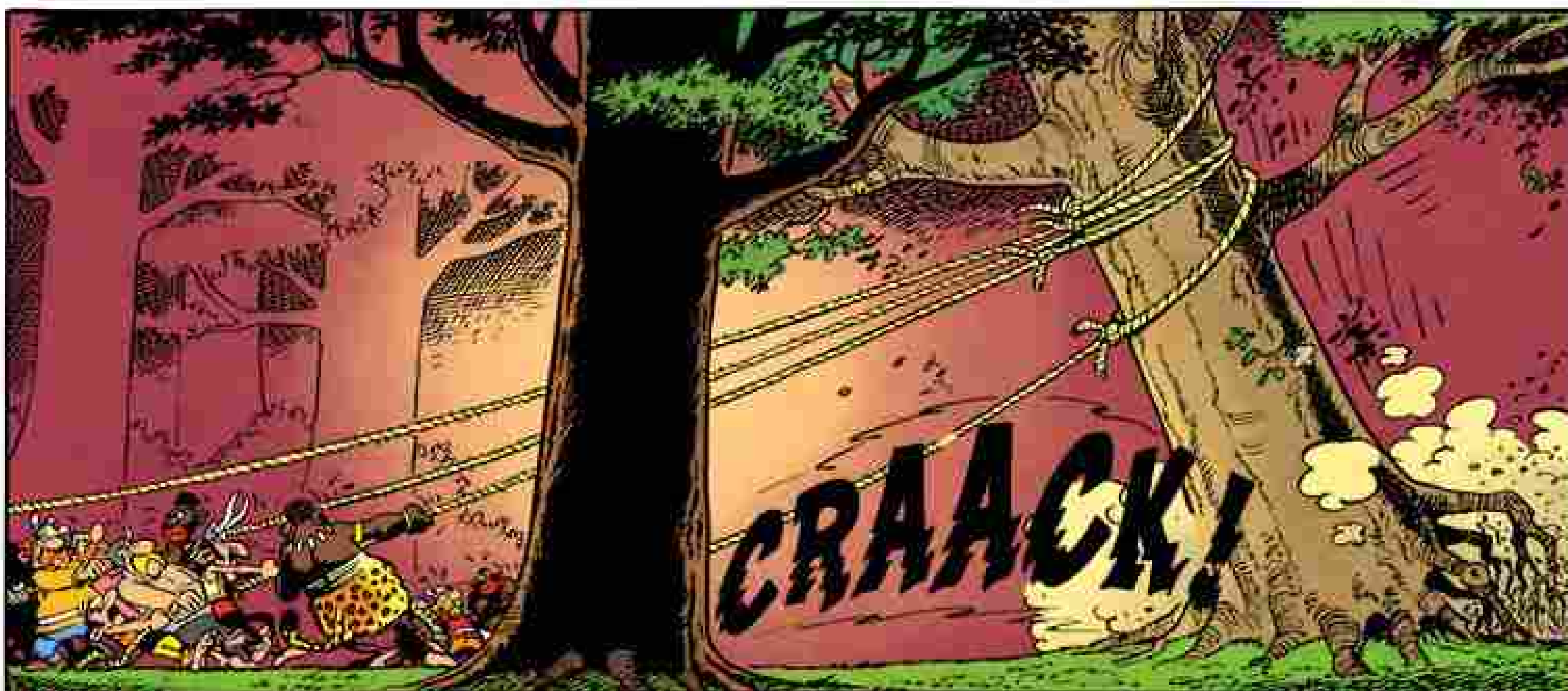
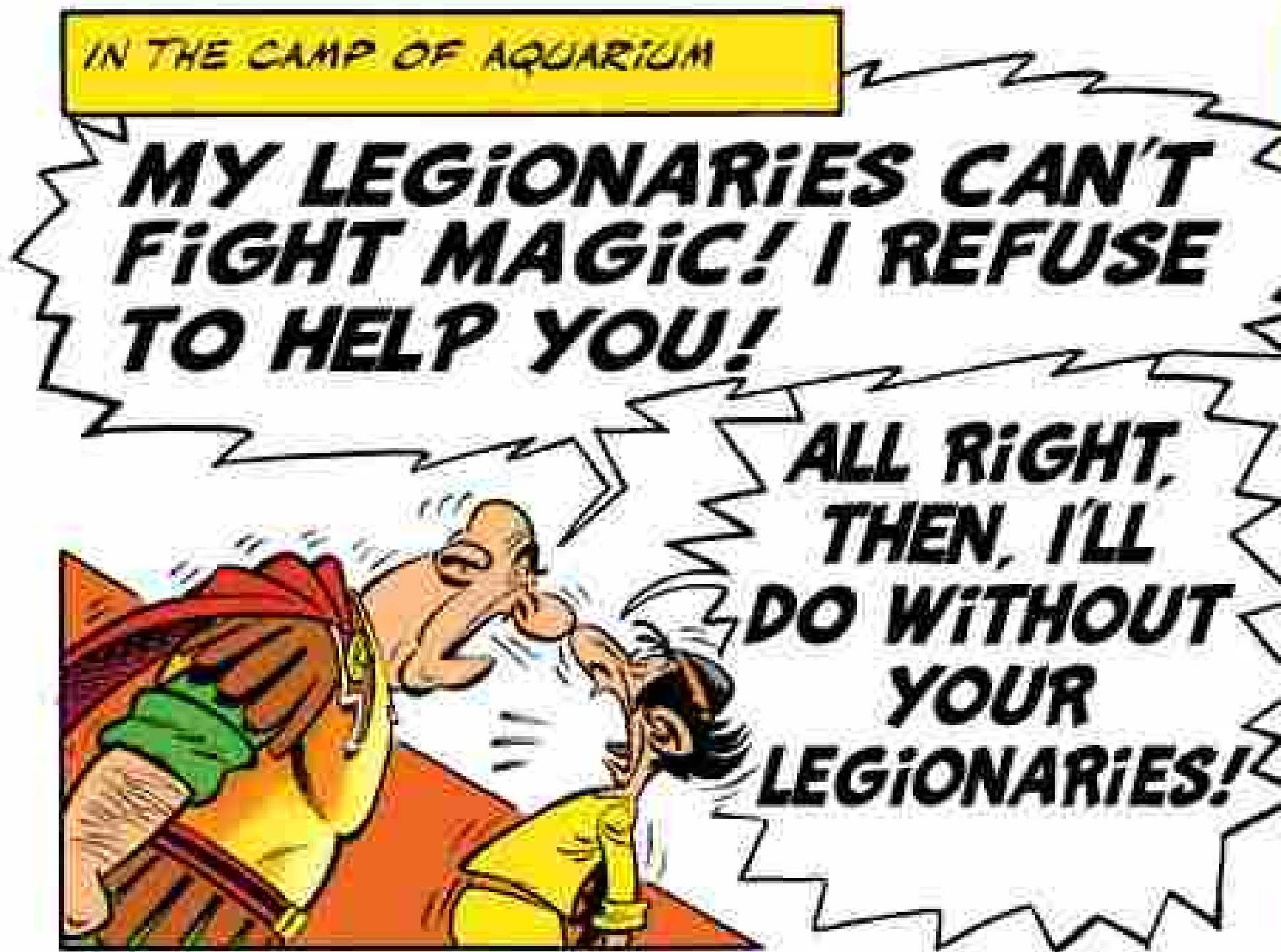
FRESH FISH!
IT'S LOVERLY!

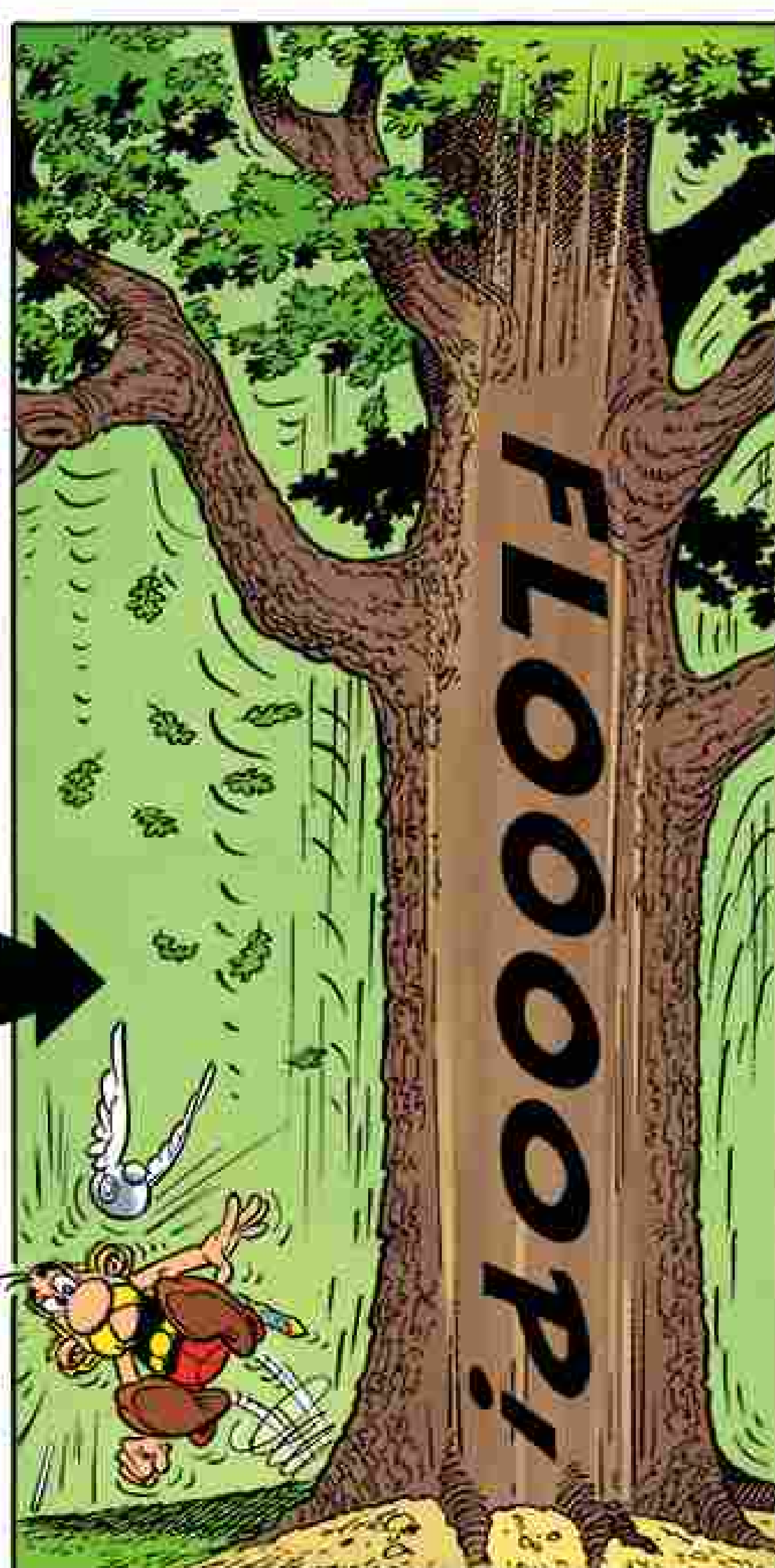


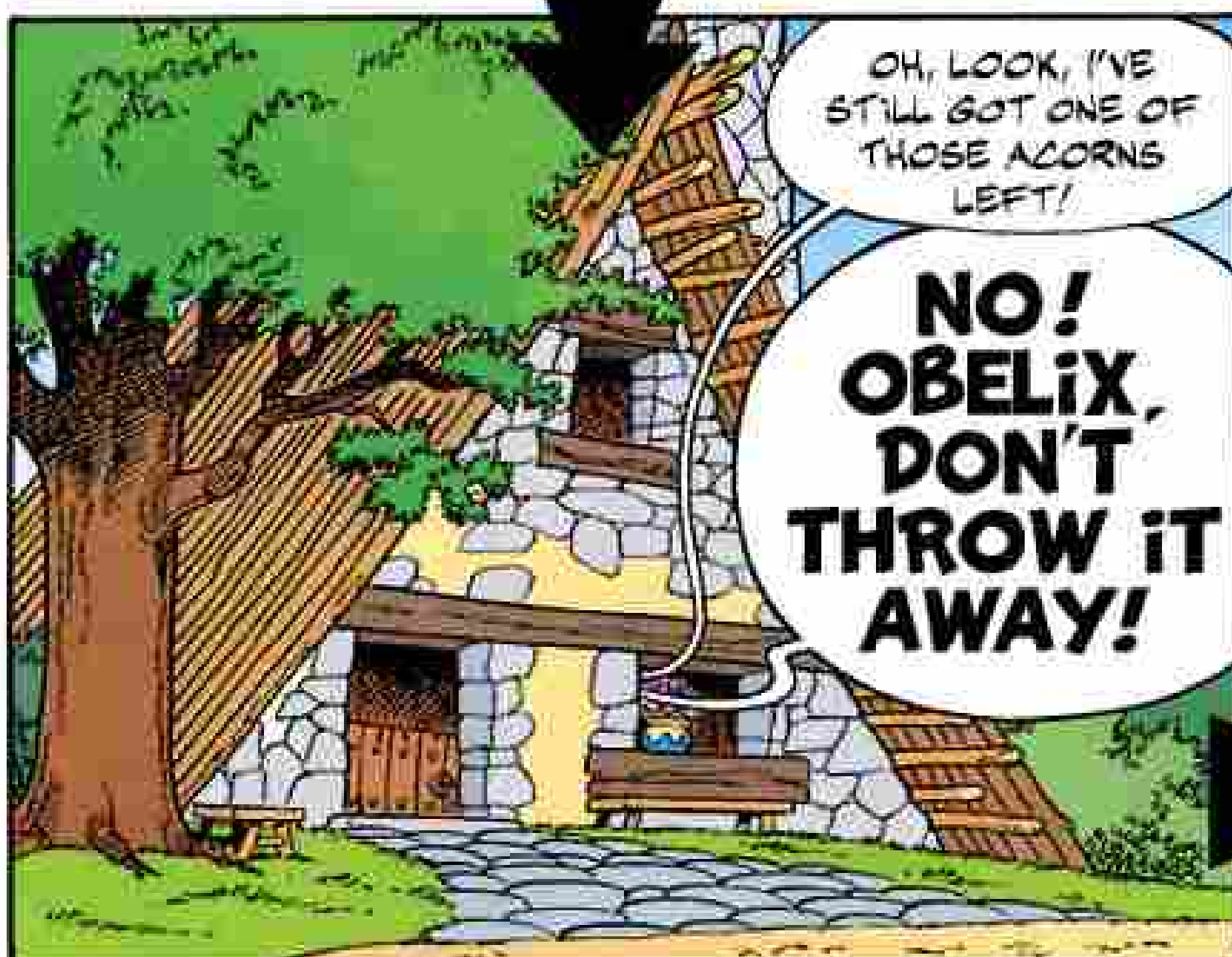
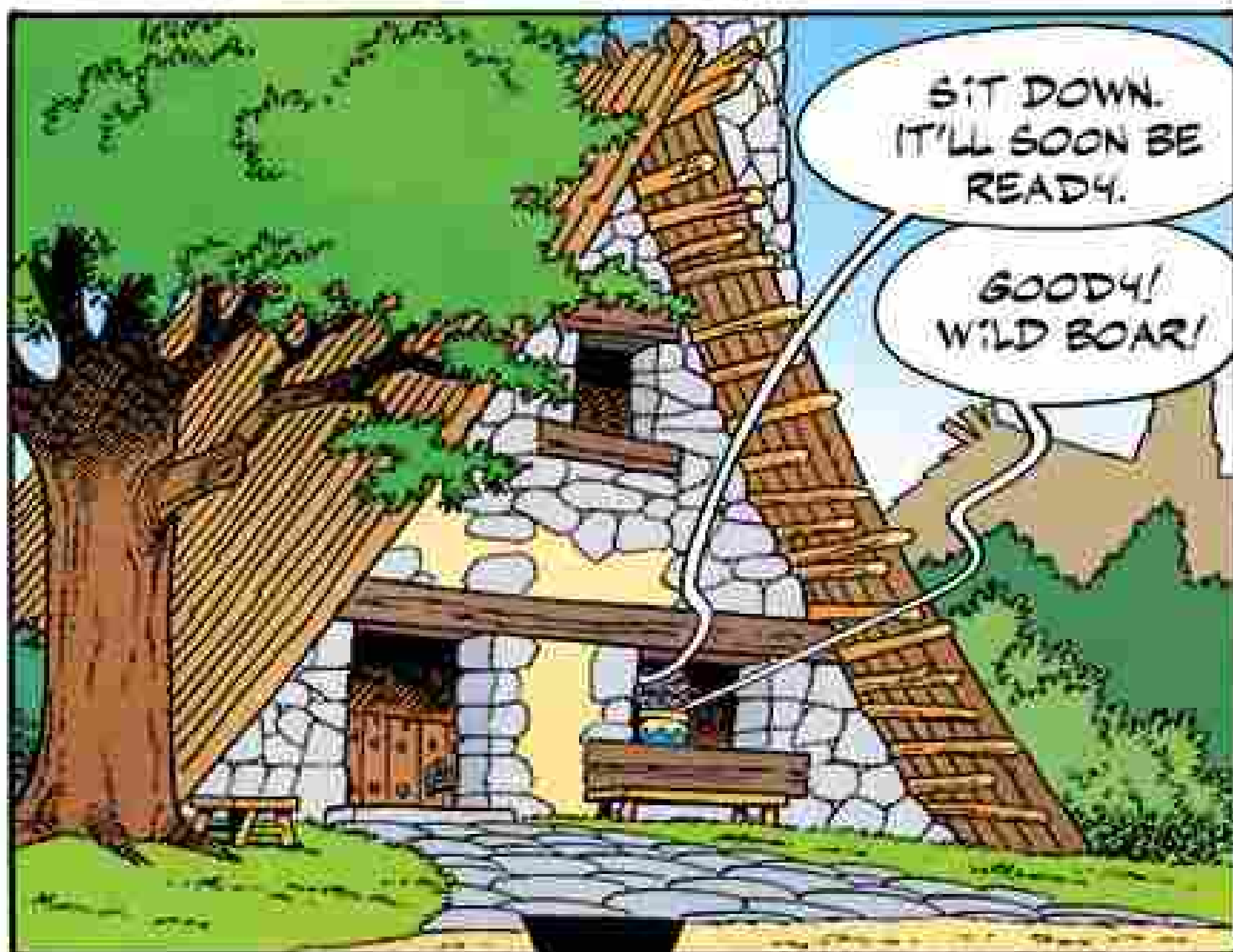
GET BACK
TO BED, YOU
iDiOT!

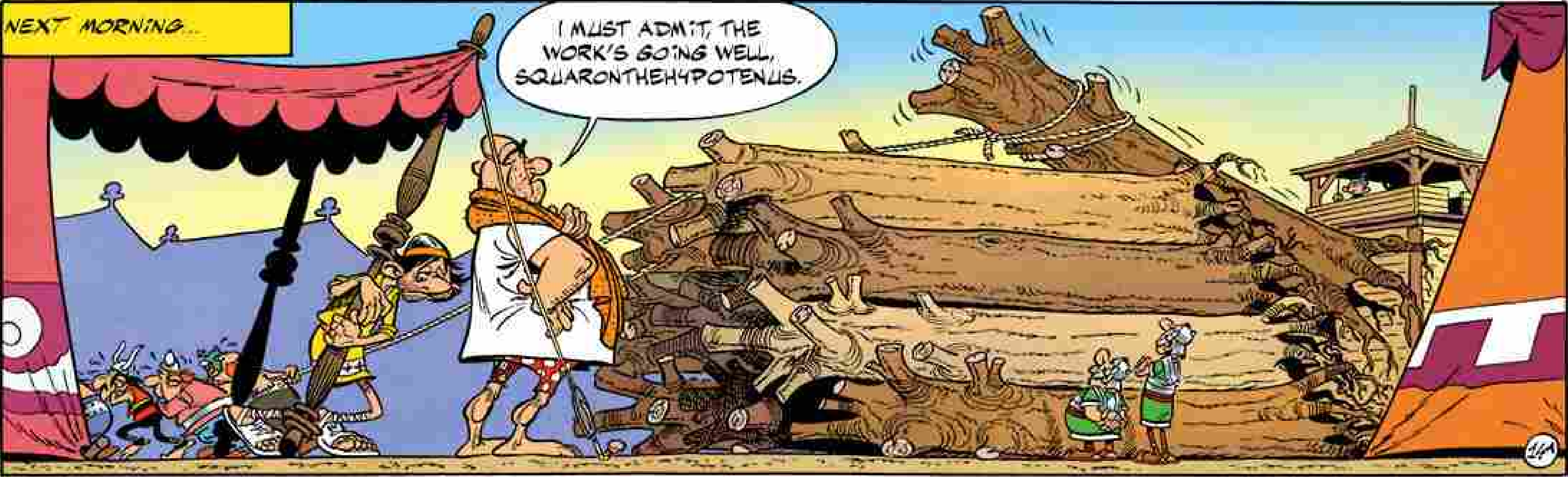


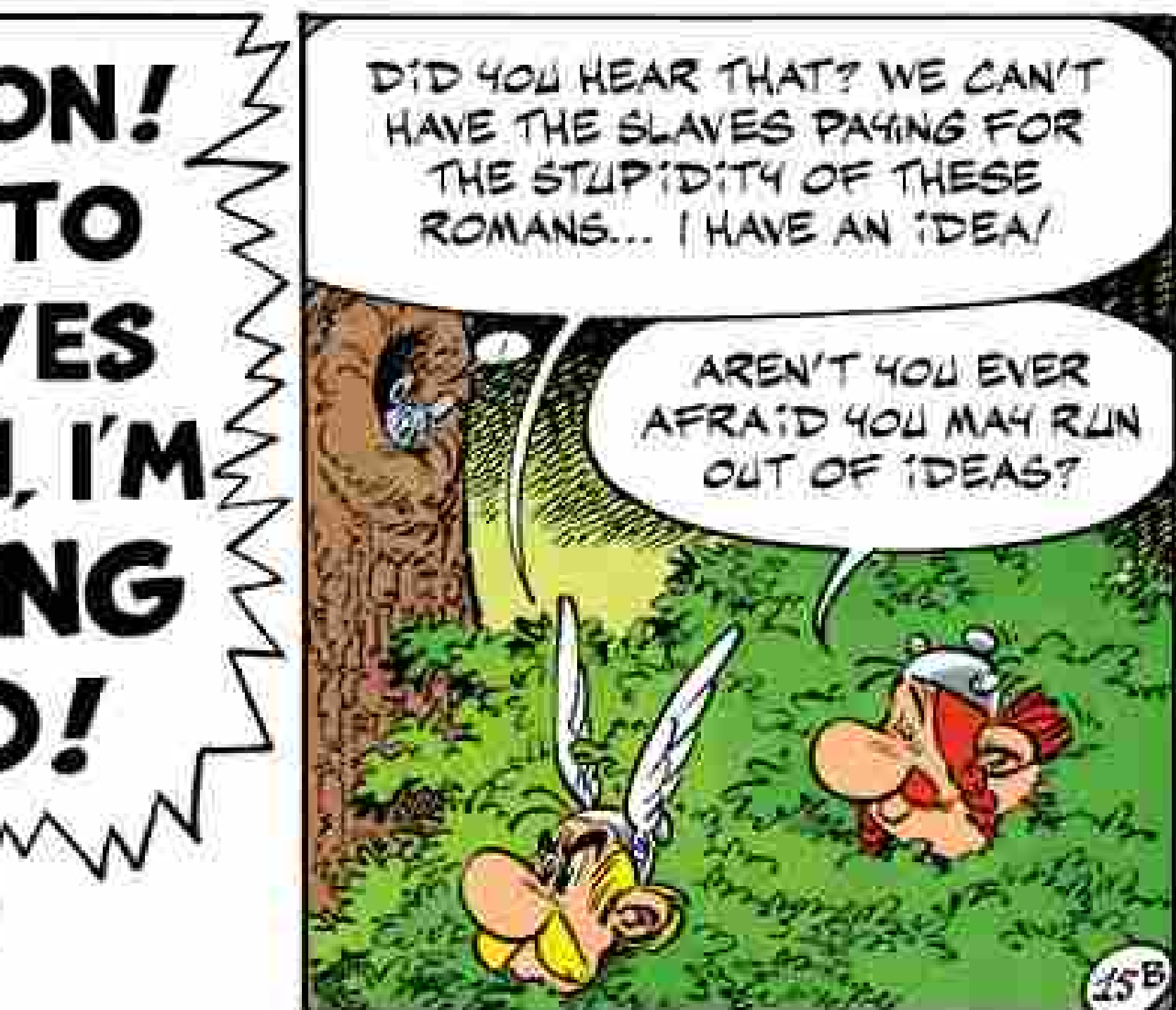
YOU'LL SEE
WHO'S AN
iDiOT!

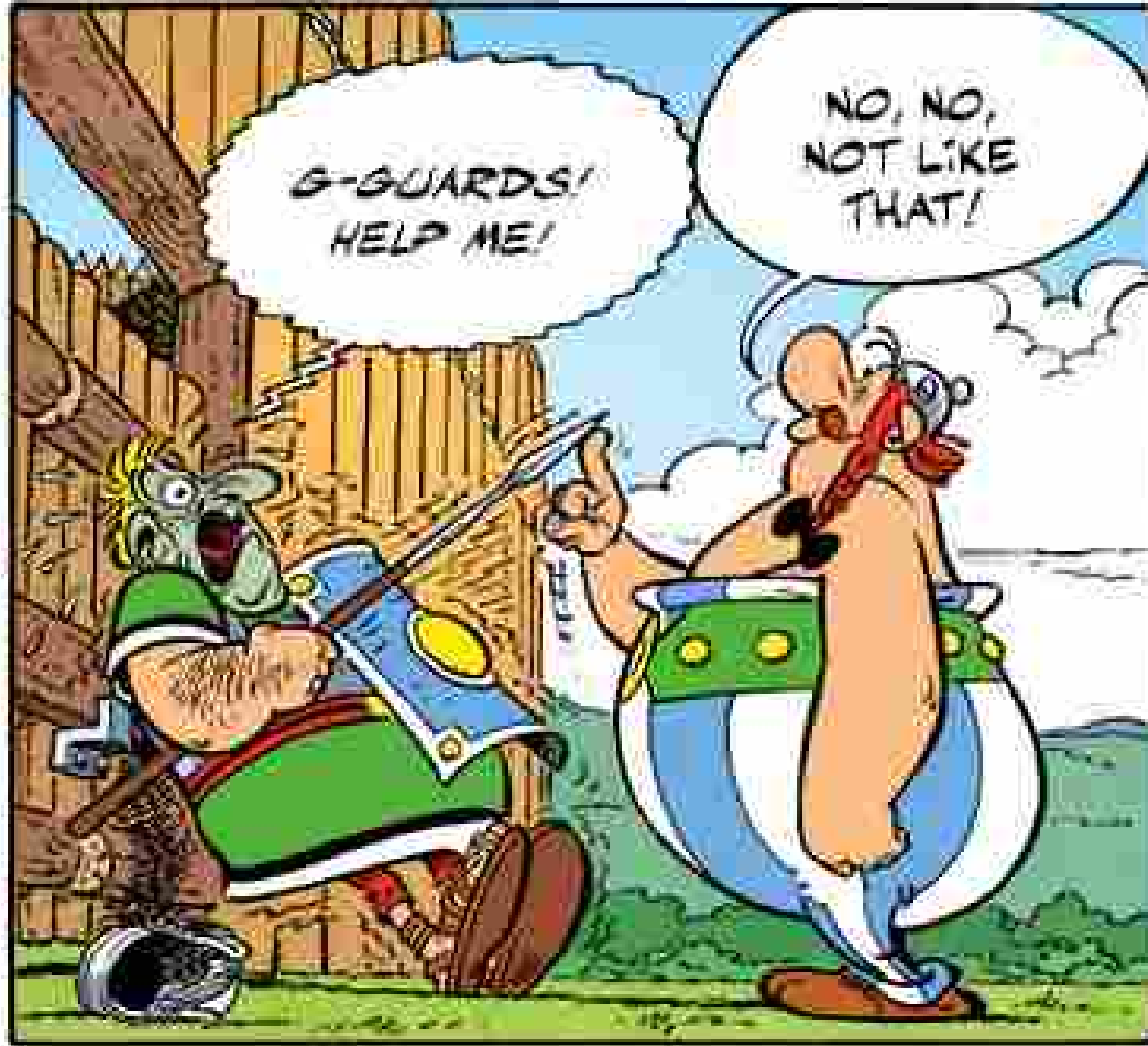
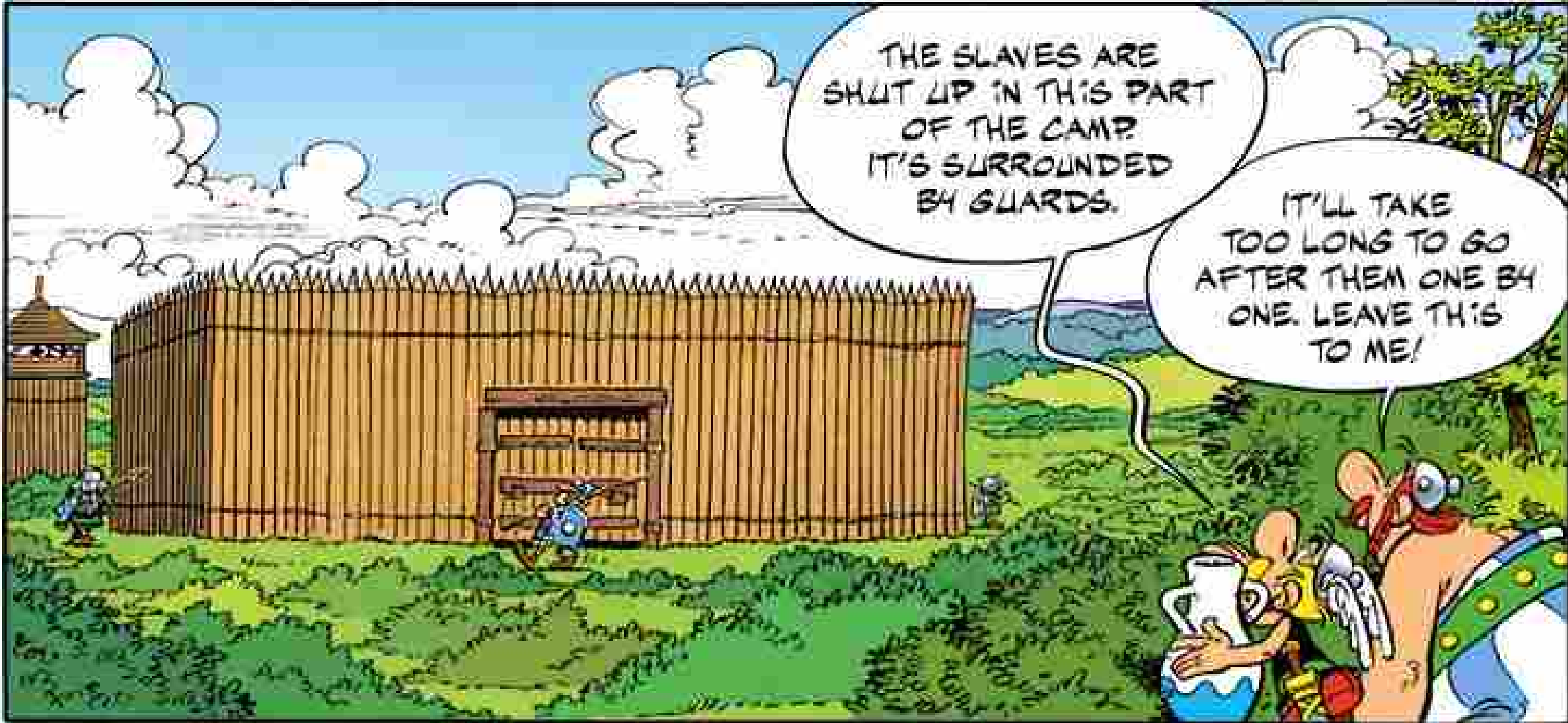


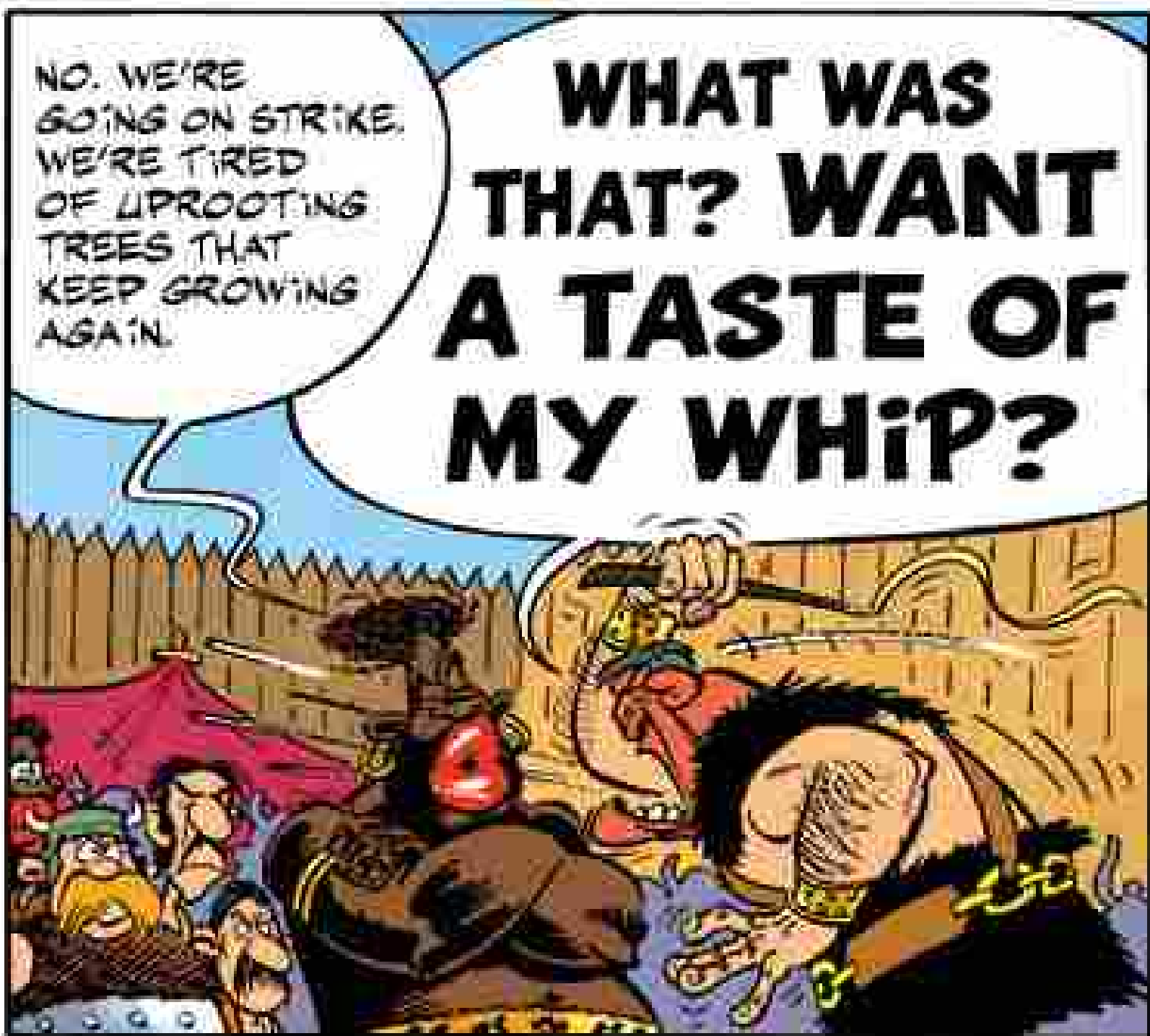




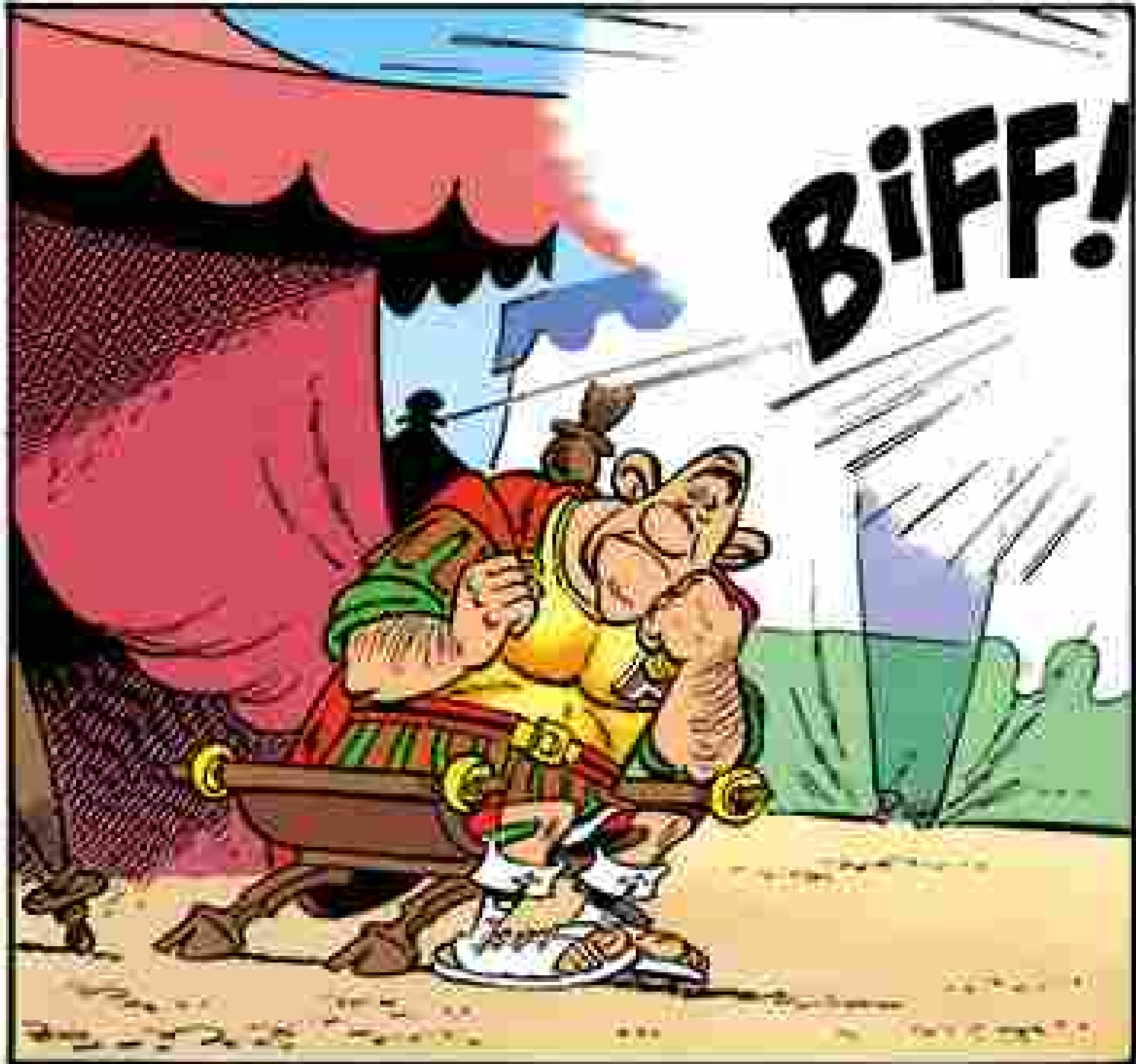
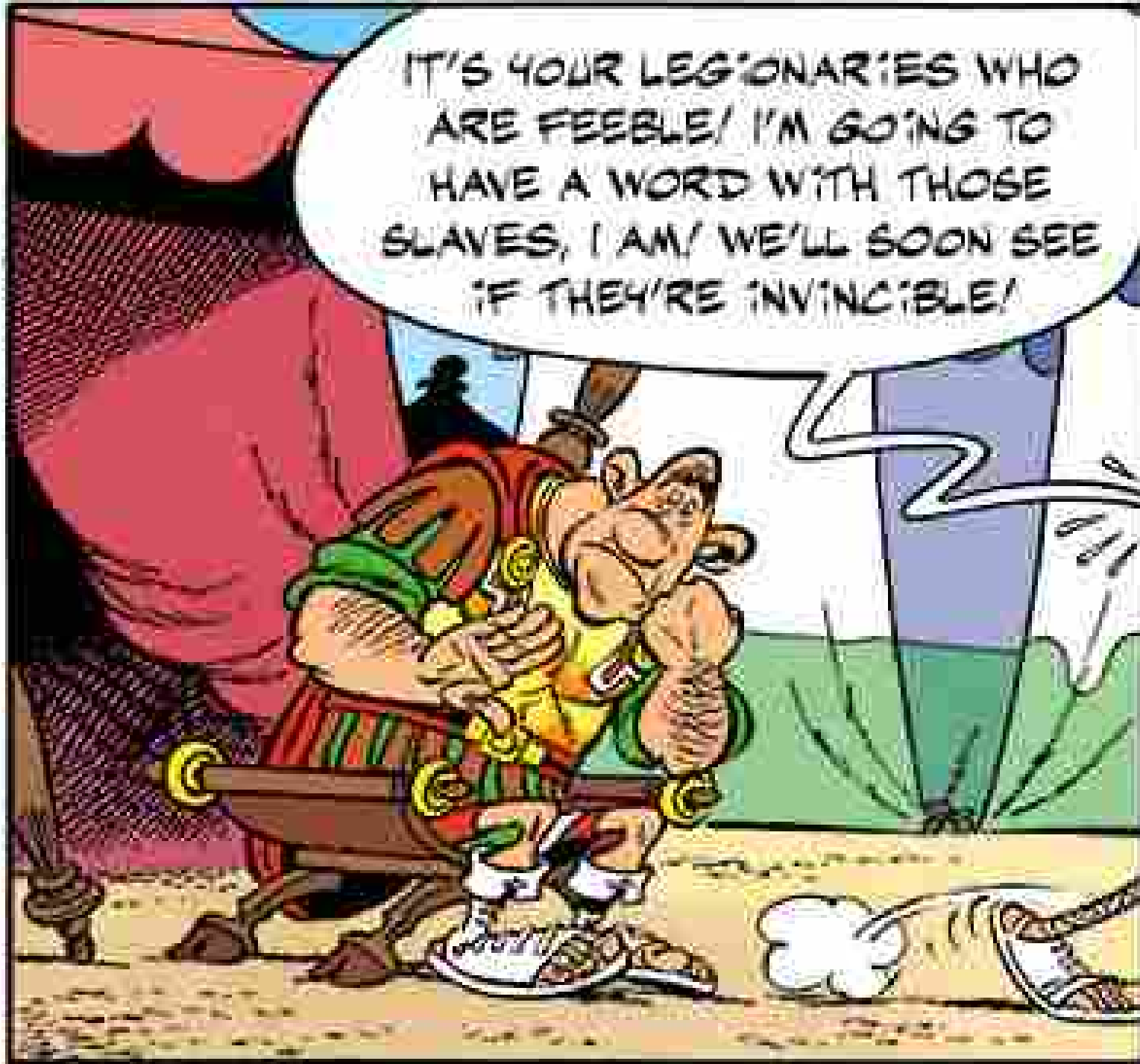
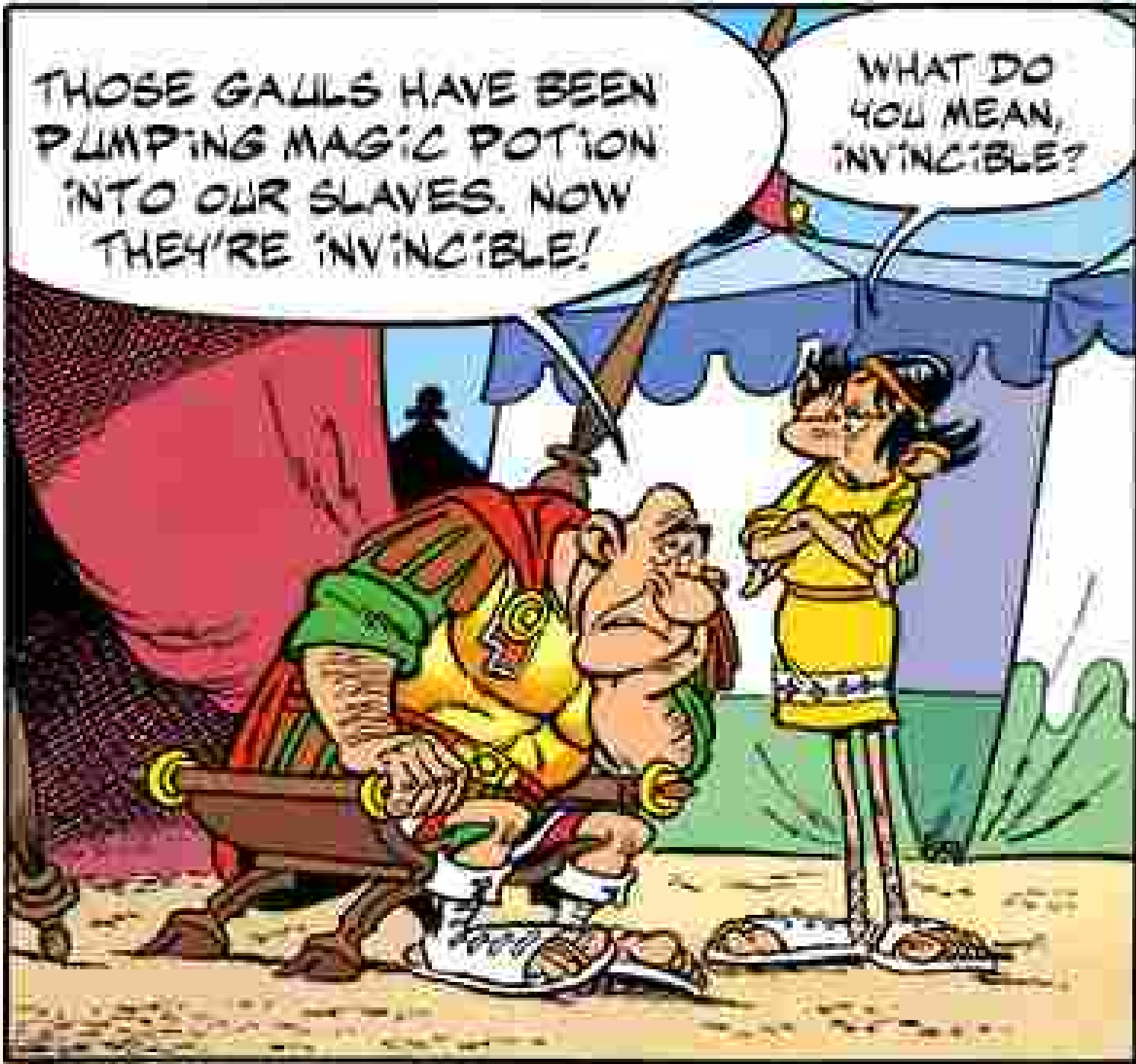


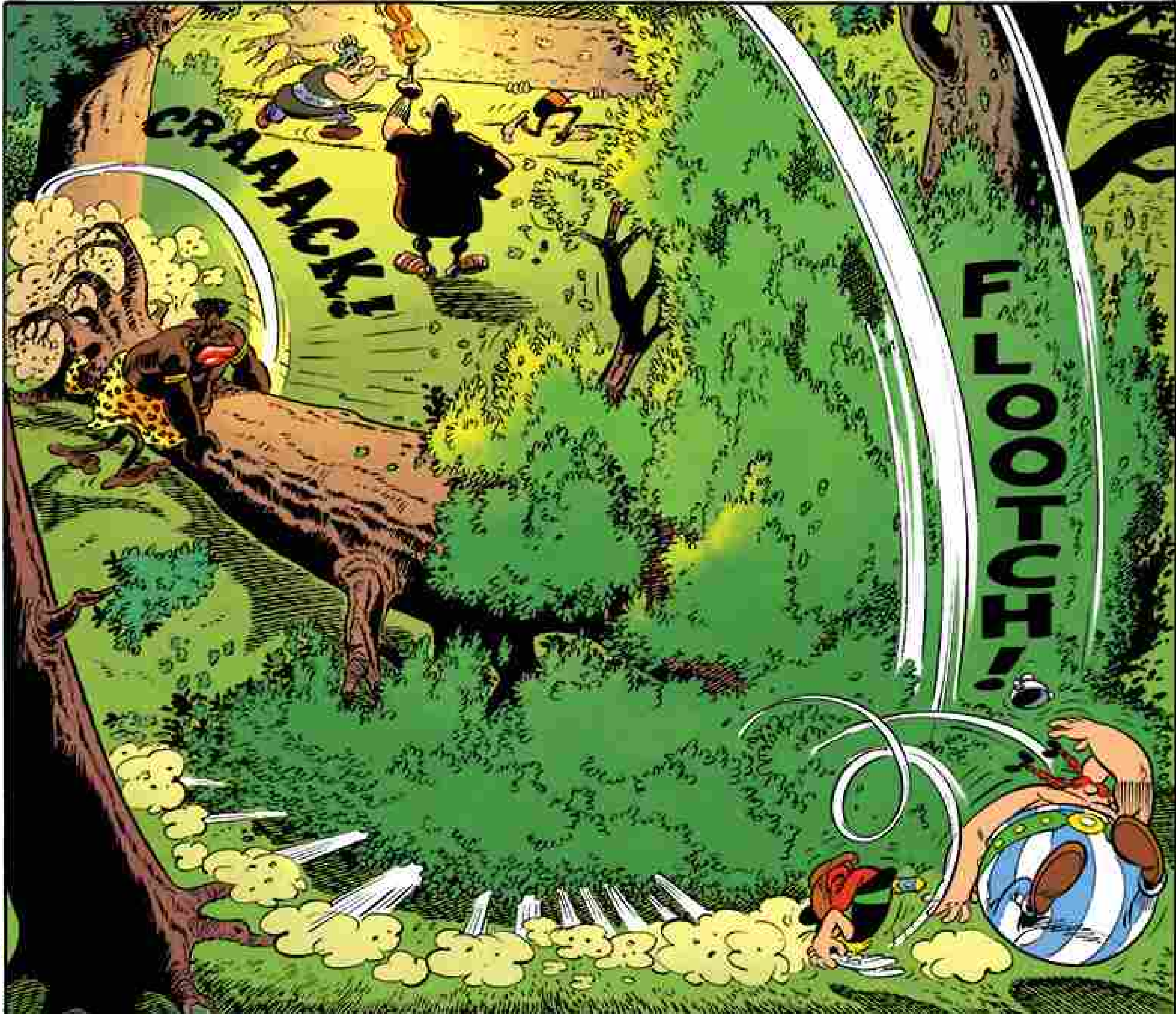
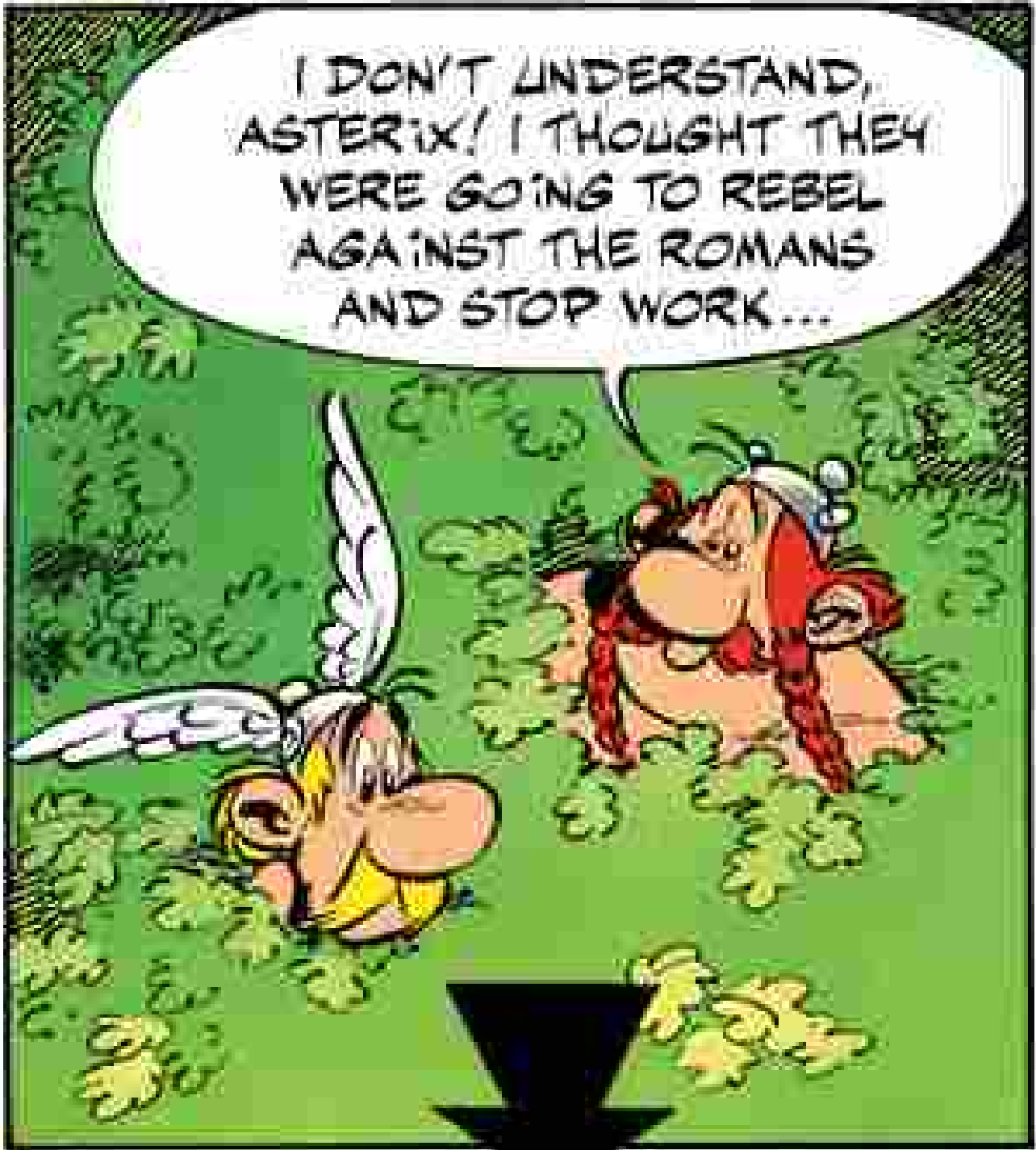
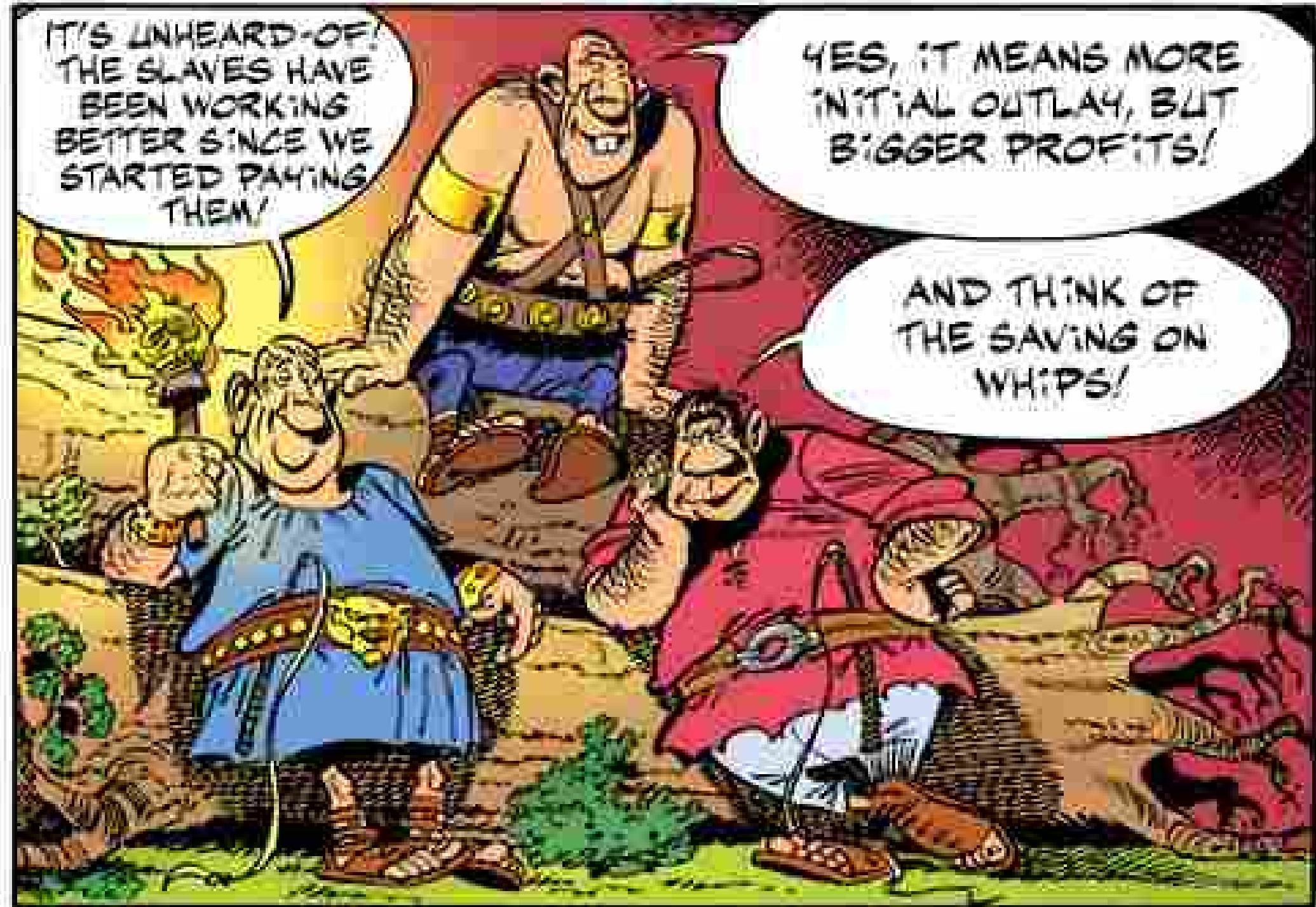


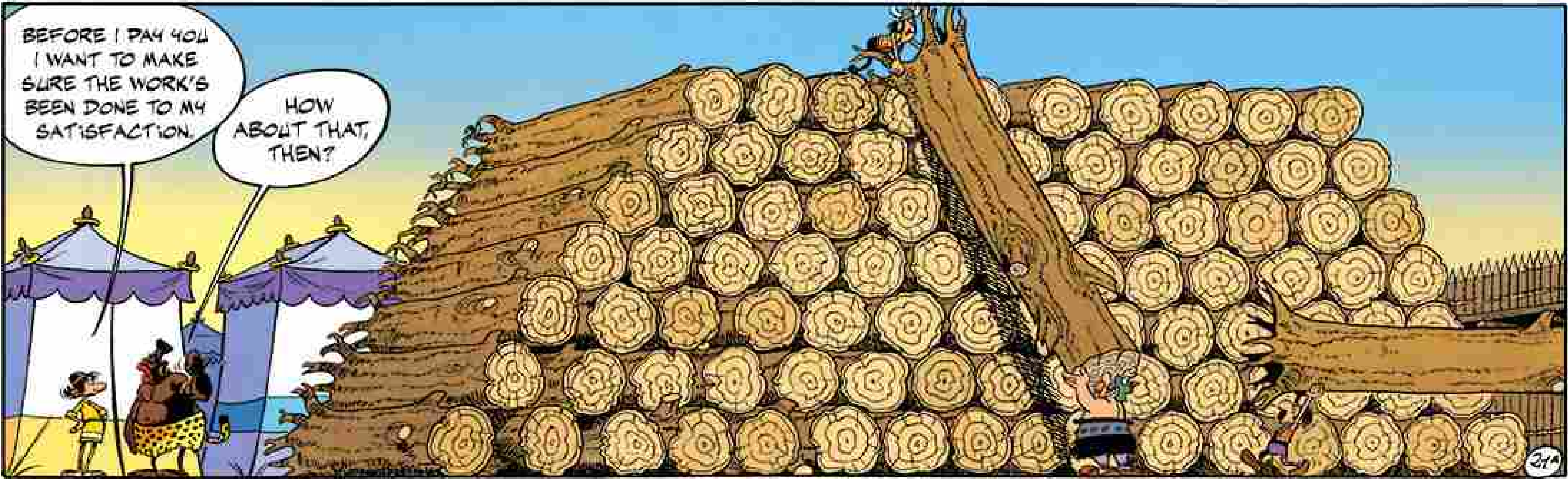




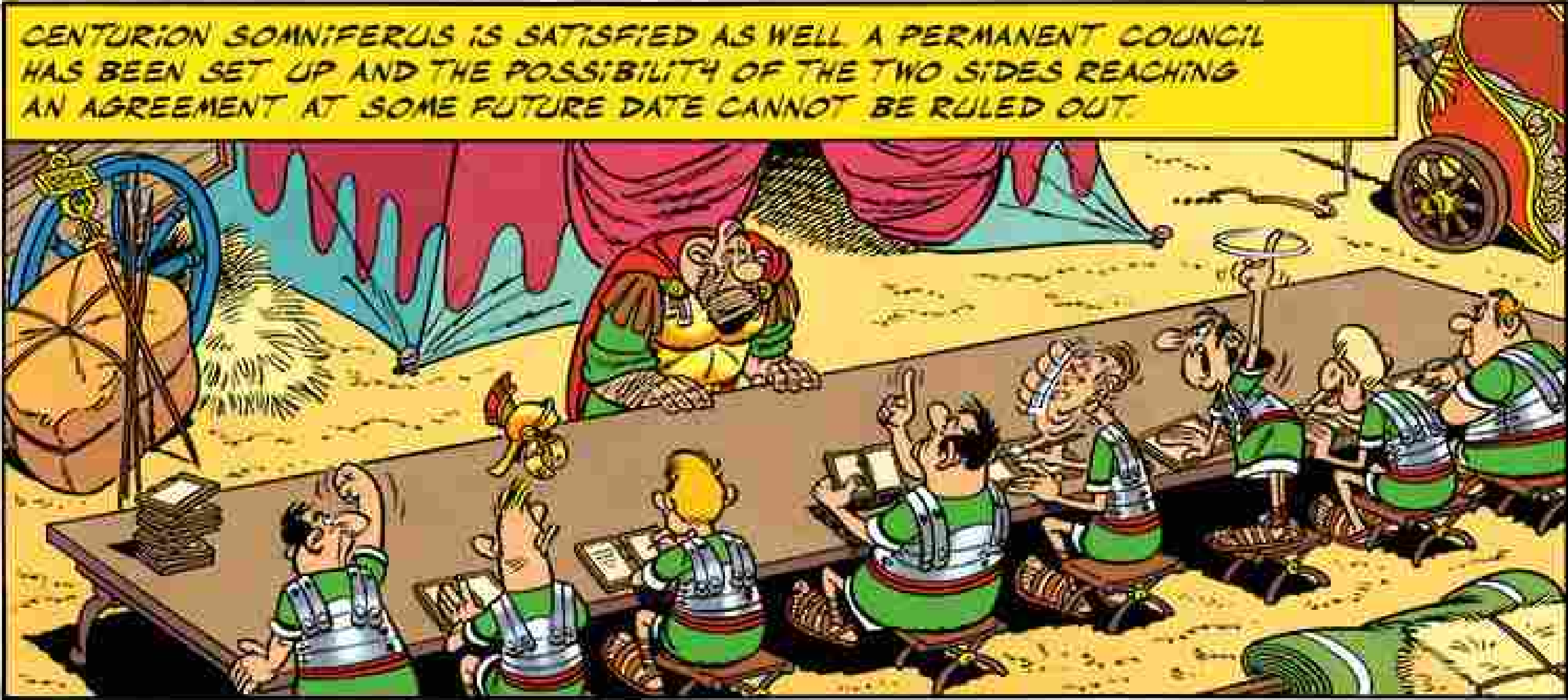
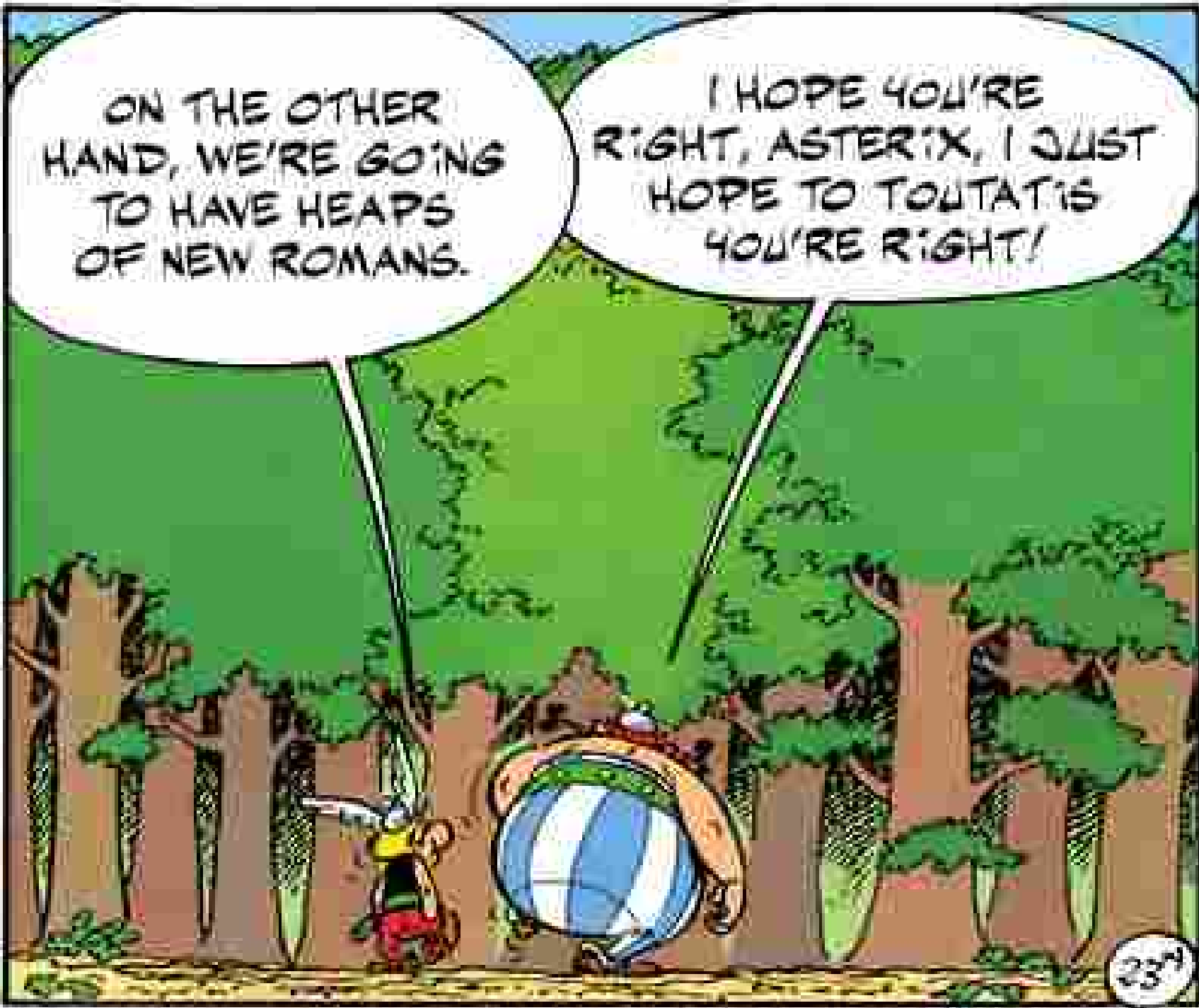
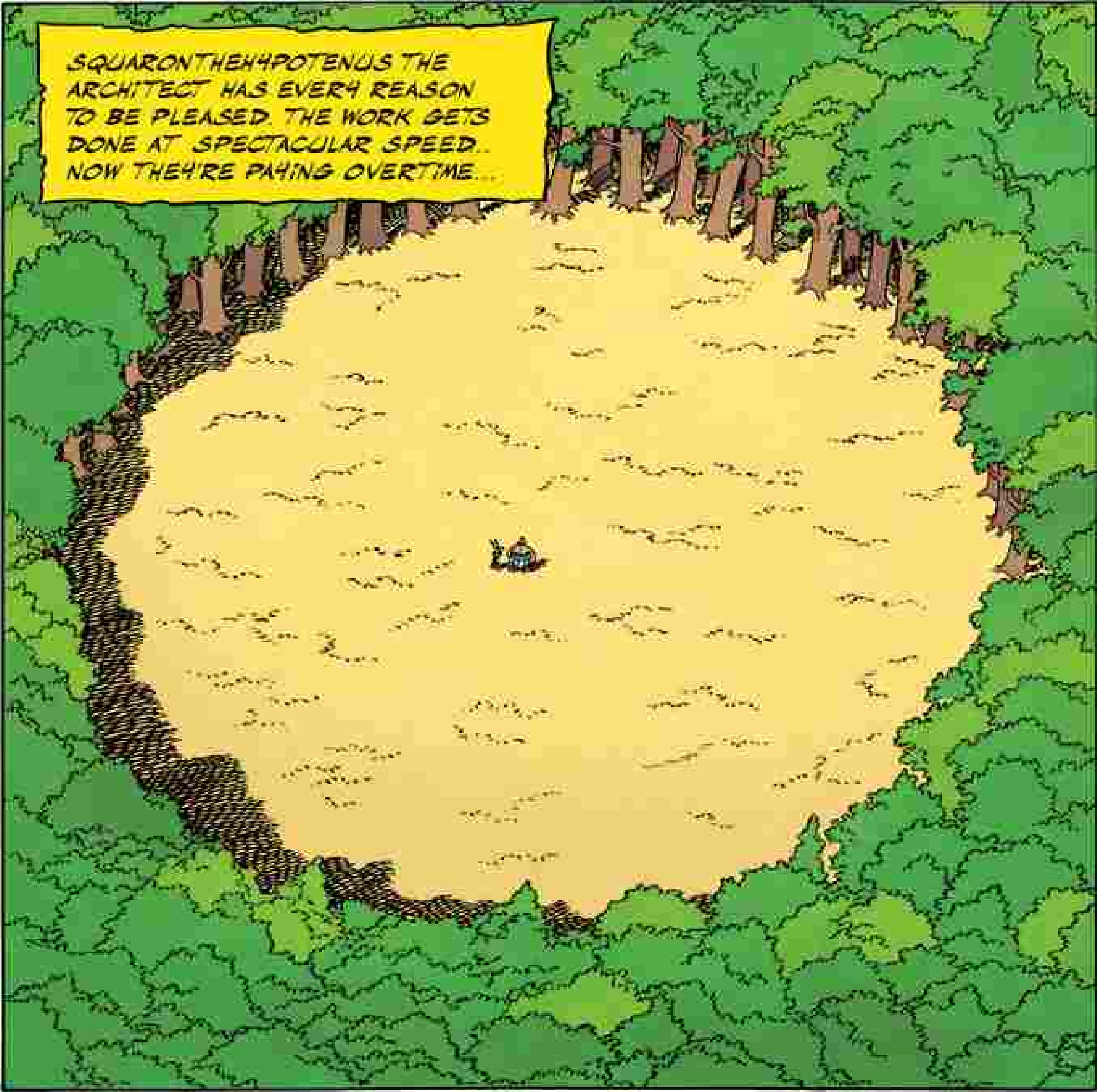


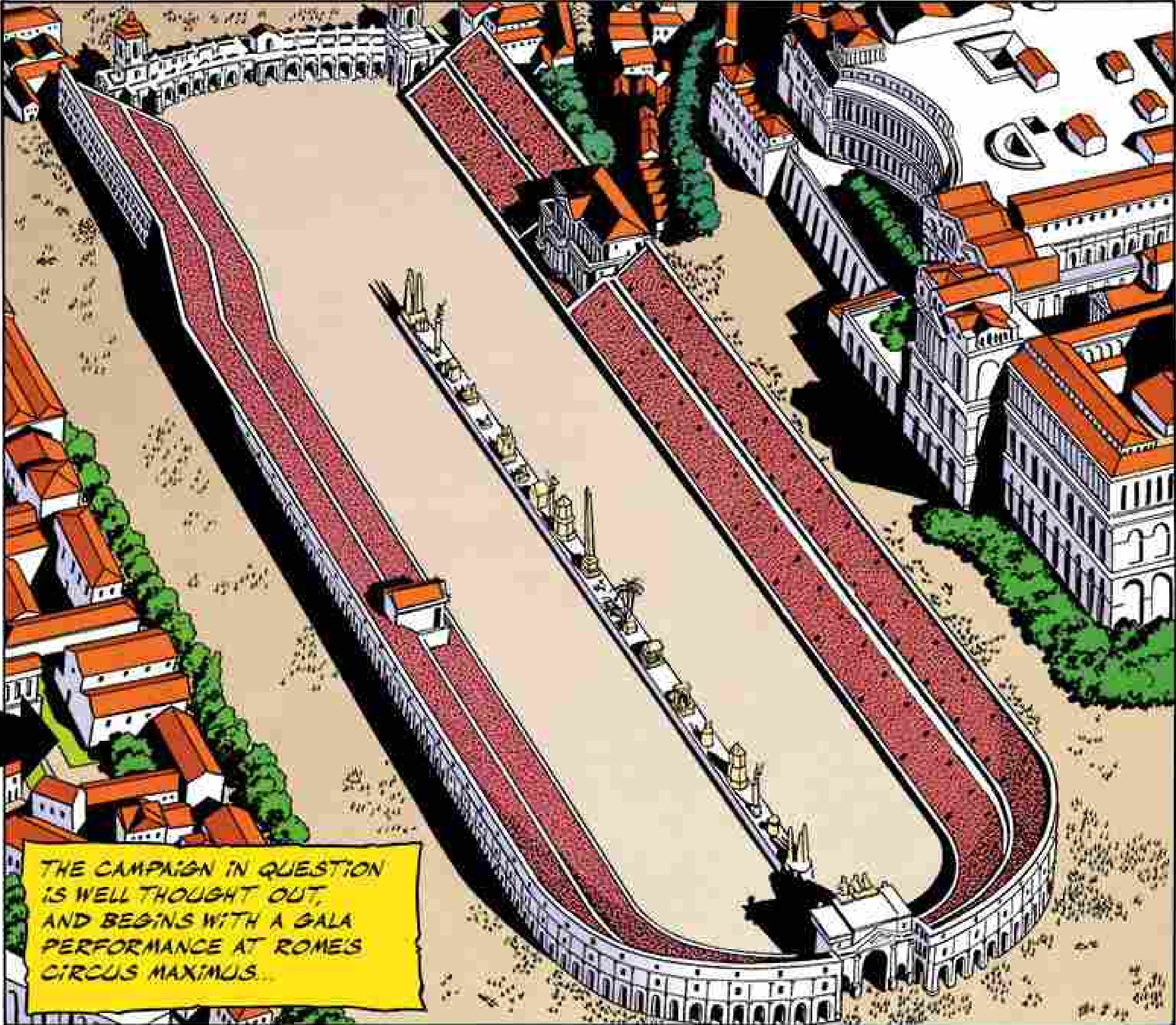
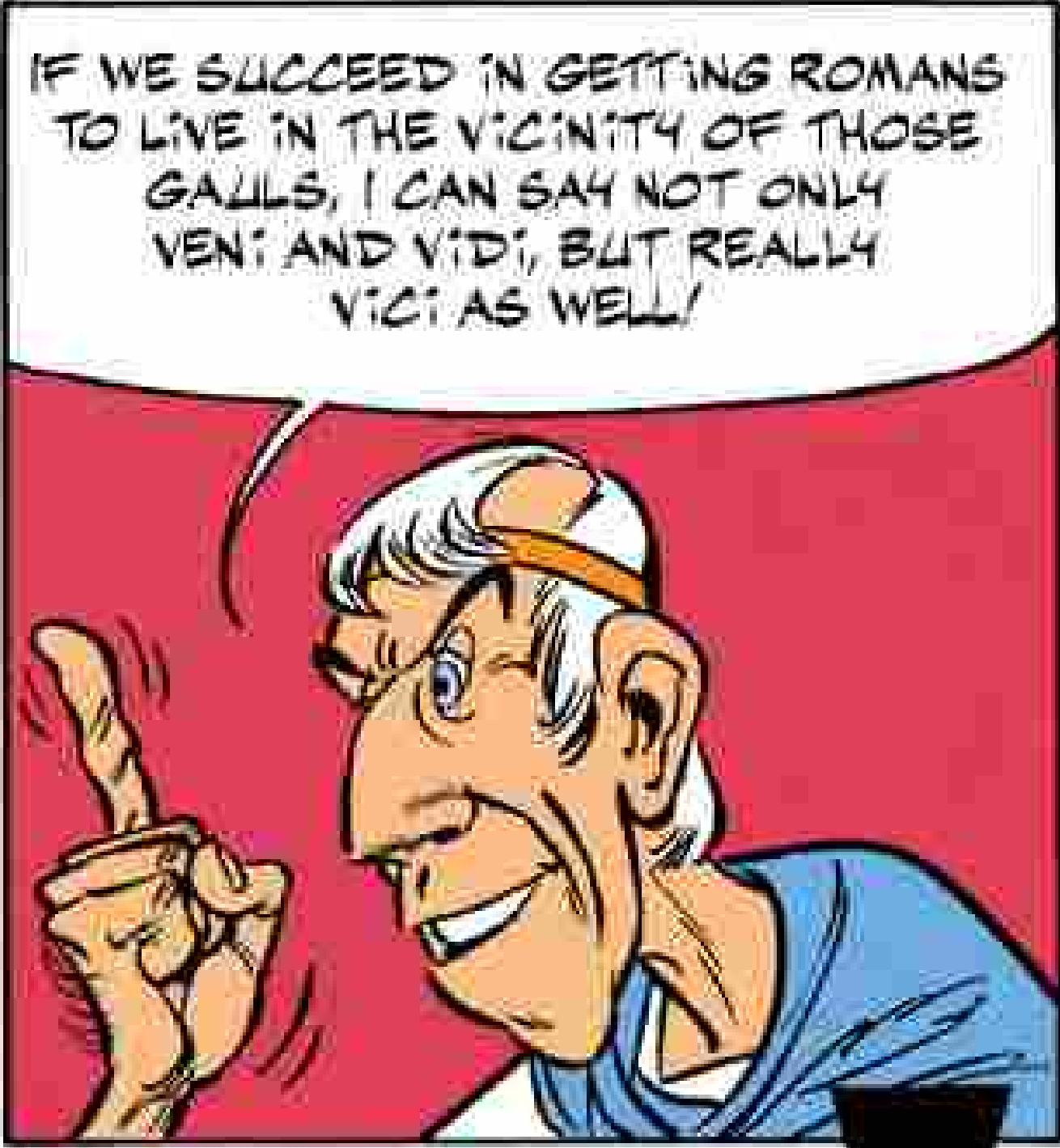












THE MANSIONS OF THE



**A HEALTHY
AND HAPPY LIFE,
WORTHY OF
A GOD!**

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO LIVE LIKE
A GOD? IF SO...

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE HAD THEIR FILL OF THE POLLUTED
ATMOSPHERE OF THE URBS, THE PRESSURES OF THE RAT RACE,
PURE AND SWEET AIR AWAITS THEM IN A VAST, SUPERB NATURAL PARK...

LESS THAN THREE WEEKS AWAY FROM THE CENTRE OF ROME
AND JUST ONE WEEK FROM THE CENTRE OF LUTETIA (GAUL)

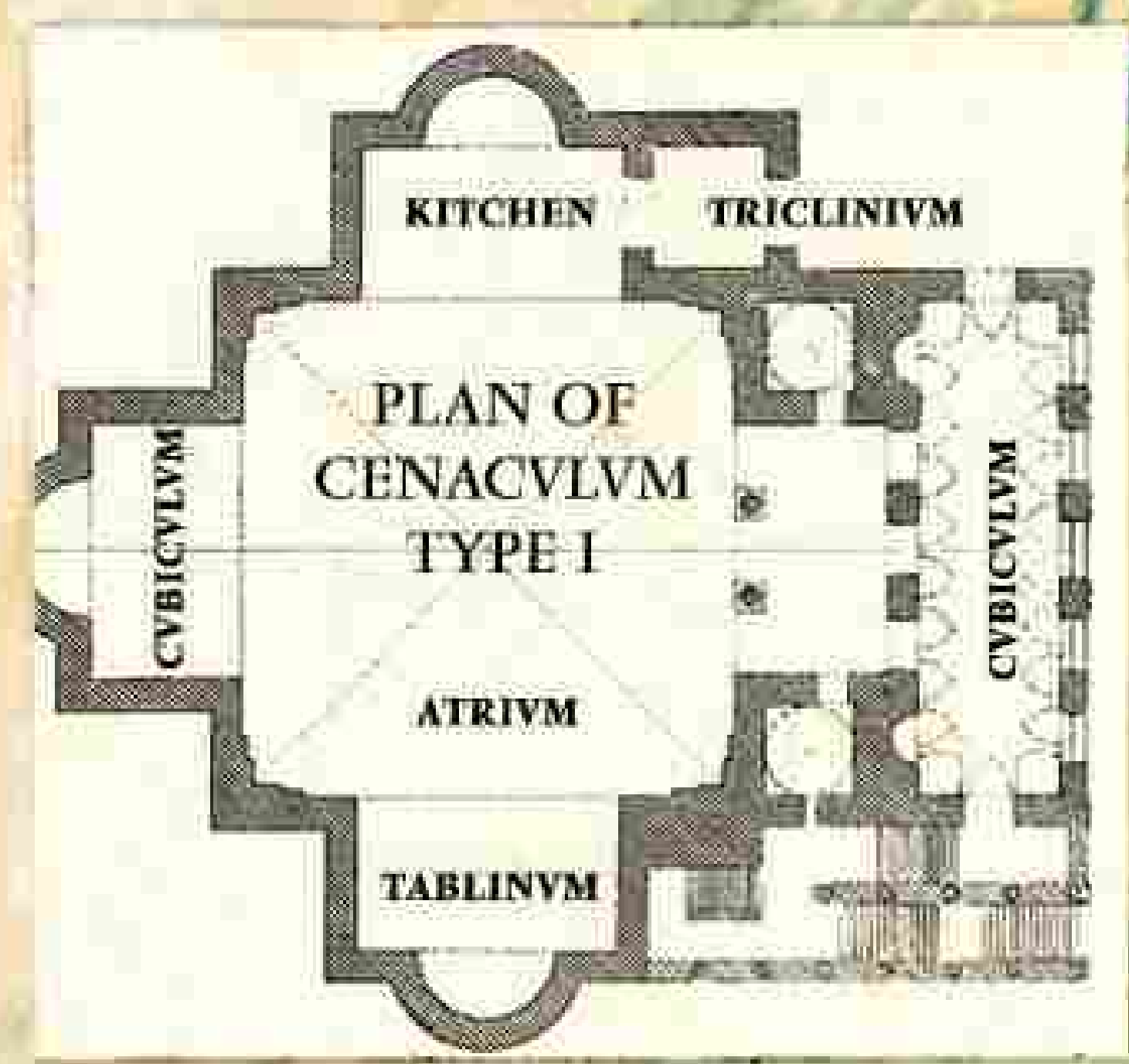
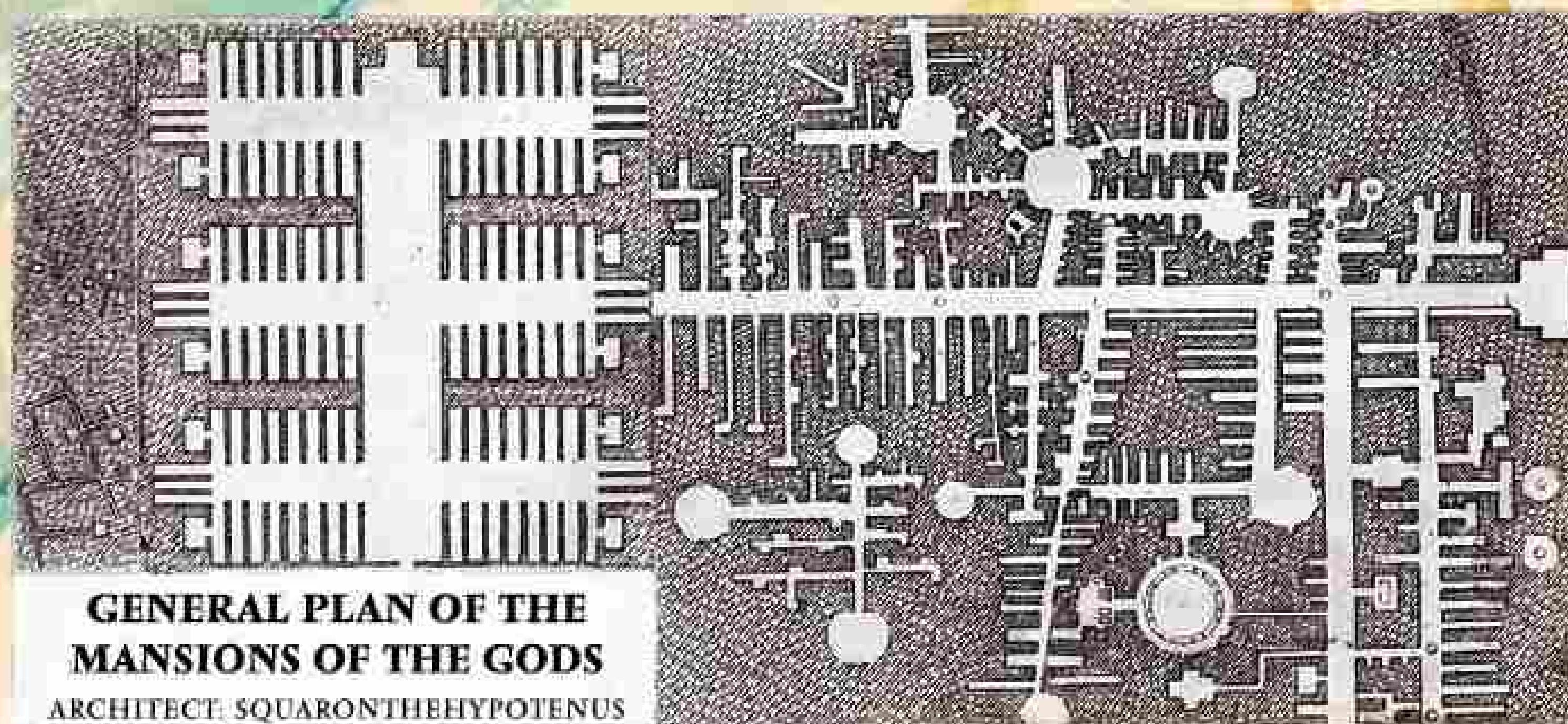


AT DAWN, WOKEN BY THE MELODIOUS SONG OF
THE GAULISH COCKEREL, THE ROMAN MATRONS
GET UP, AS WELL AS THEIR HUSBANDS AND
CHILDREN. WHILE THE HUSBAND IS VISITED
BY THE BARBER (BOUGHT LOCALLY), THE LADY
OF THE HOUSE ARRANGES FOR JENTACULUM
TO BE SERVED TO THE CHILDREN, WHO ARE
GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL. ONLY THEN
WILL SHE CALL HER HAIRDRESSER FOR HER
MORNING SET, WHILE WATCHING THE WILD
BOARS FROLIC ON THE LAWNS OF THE PARK...



IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE MANSIONS OF THE
GODS, THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN IS
ENTRUSTED TO SPECIALLY SELECTED SLAVES,
WHO REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THEIR
PUPILS AT THE MEETINGS OF THE PARENT-SLAVE
ASSOCIATION. THIS ARRANGEMENT ALLOWS FOR
THE USE OF THE WHIP EITHER ON THE PUPIL
OR THE SLAVE, IF THERE ARE DIFFERENCES
OF OPINION. WHILE THE CHILDREN ARE
AT SCHOOL, THE HUSBAND GOES TO WORK.
IF HE WORKS IN ROME, HE COMES HOME EVERY
SIX WEEKS FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.

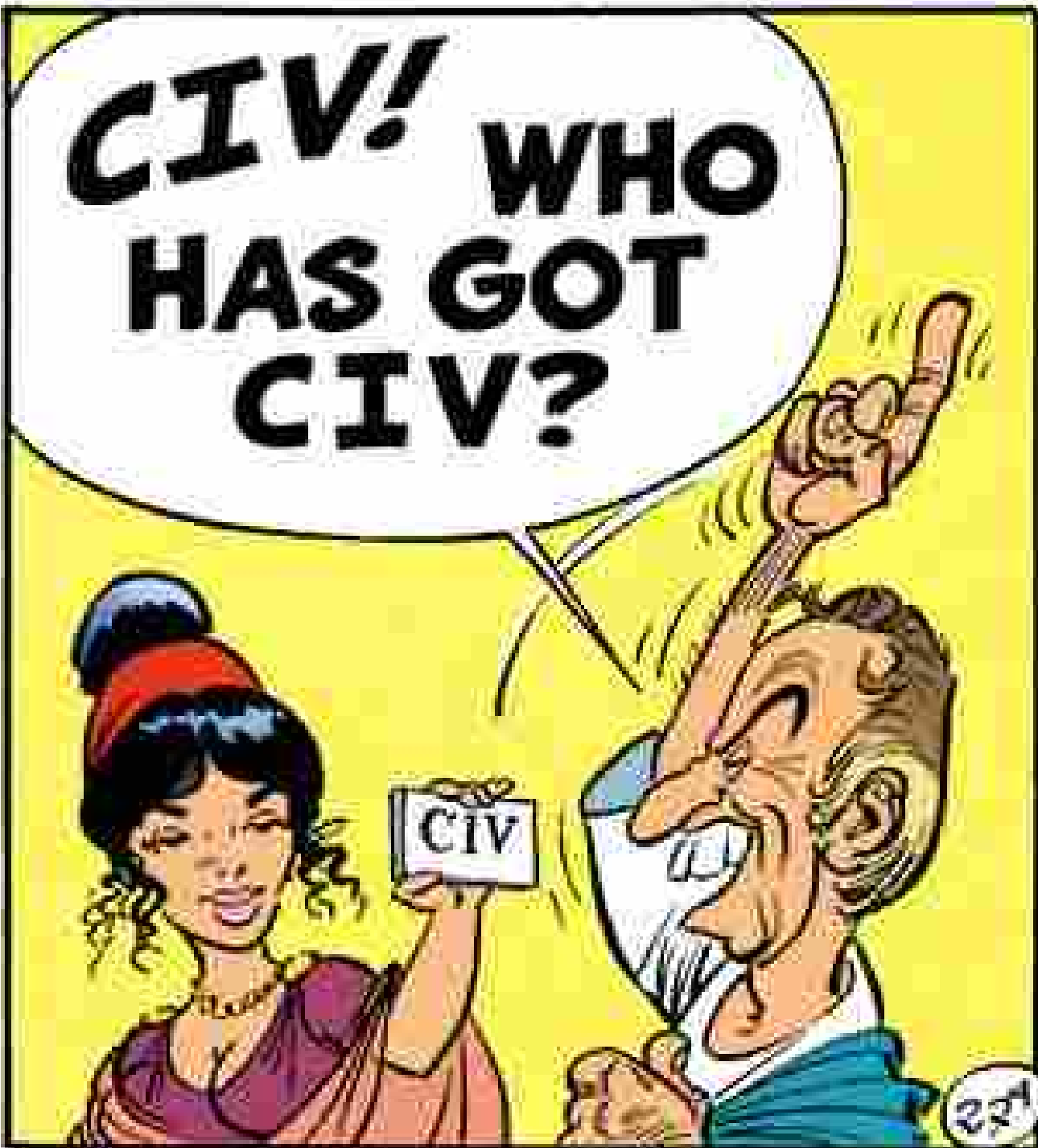
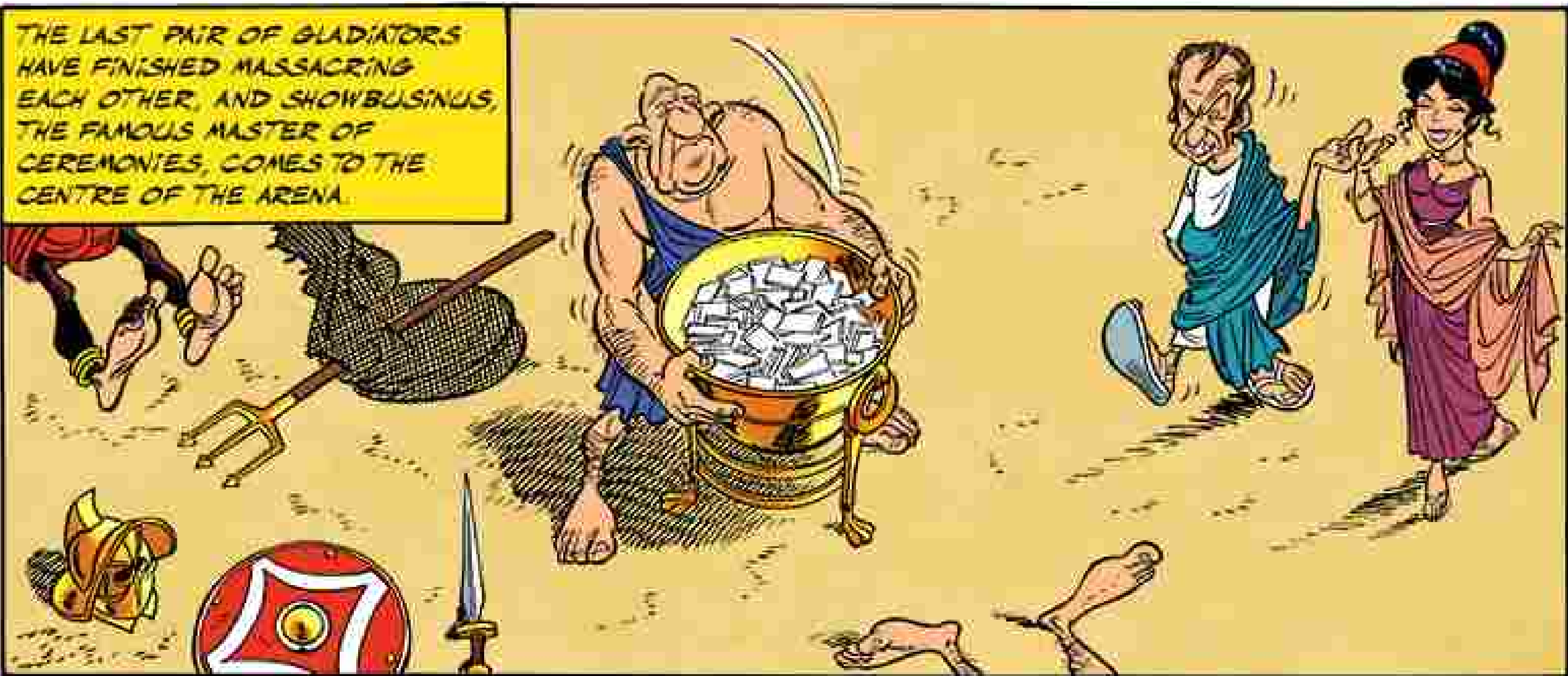
GODS ARE FOR YOU!



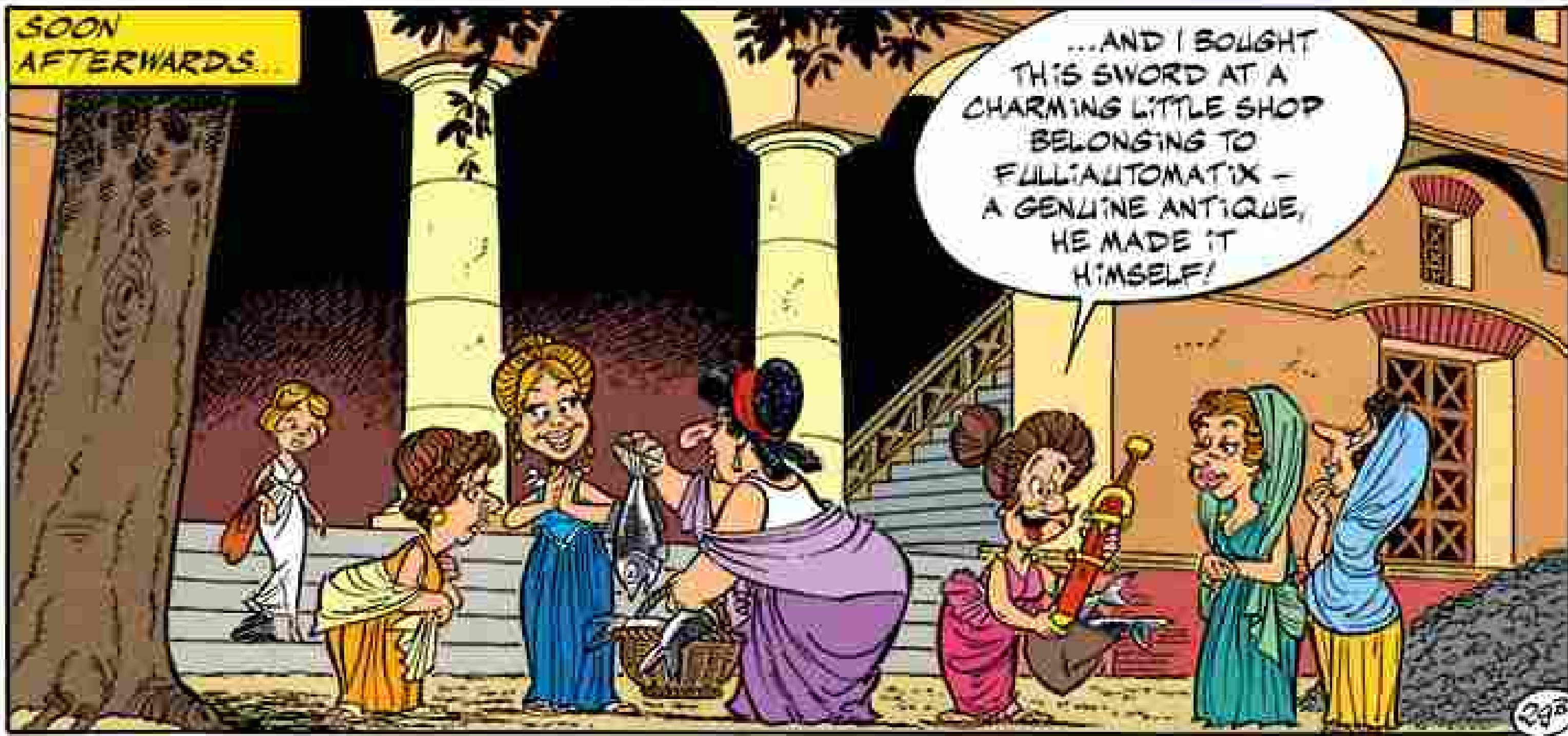
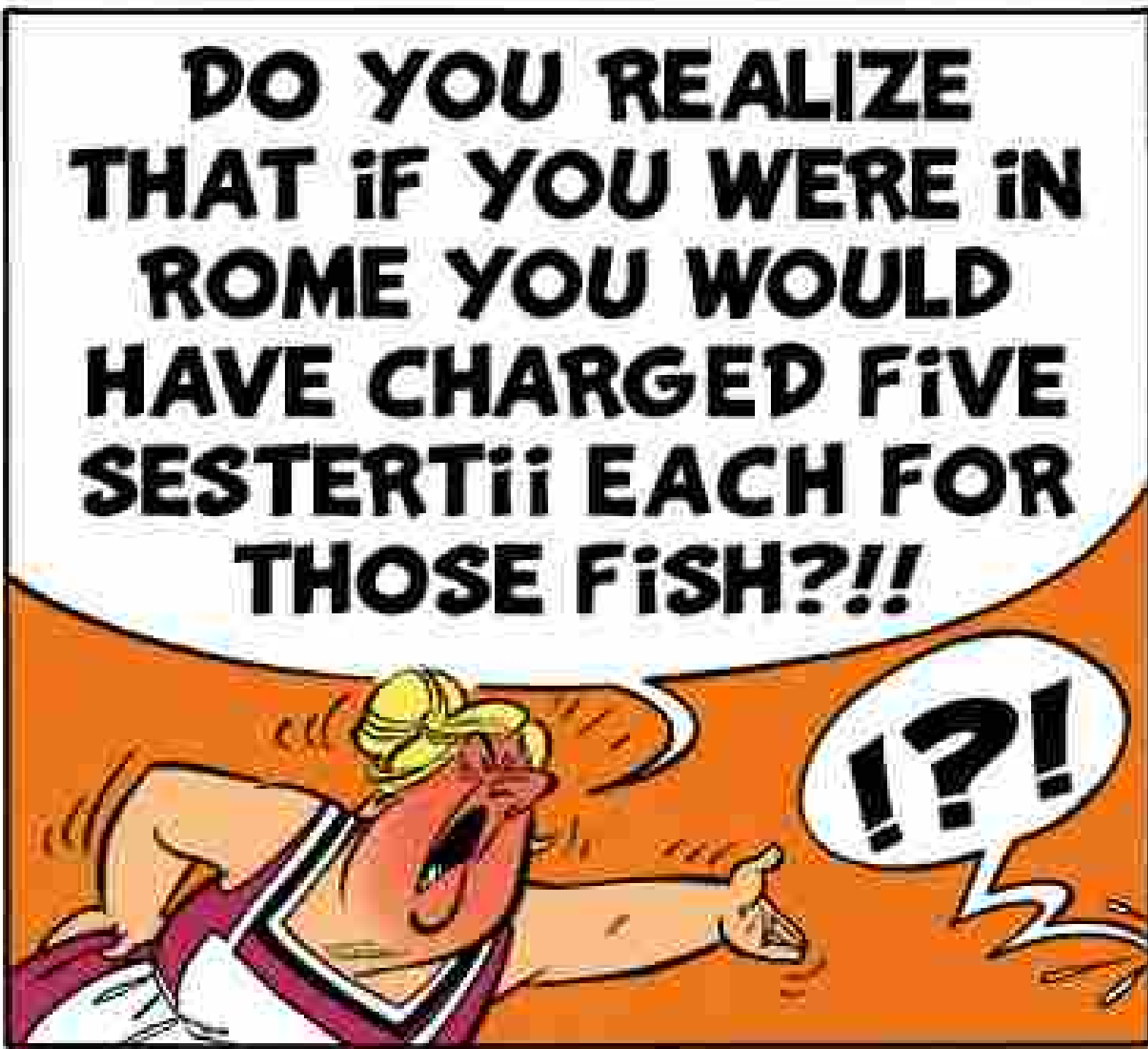
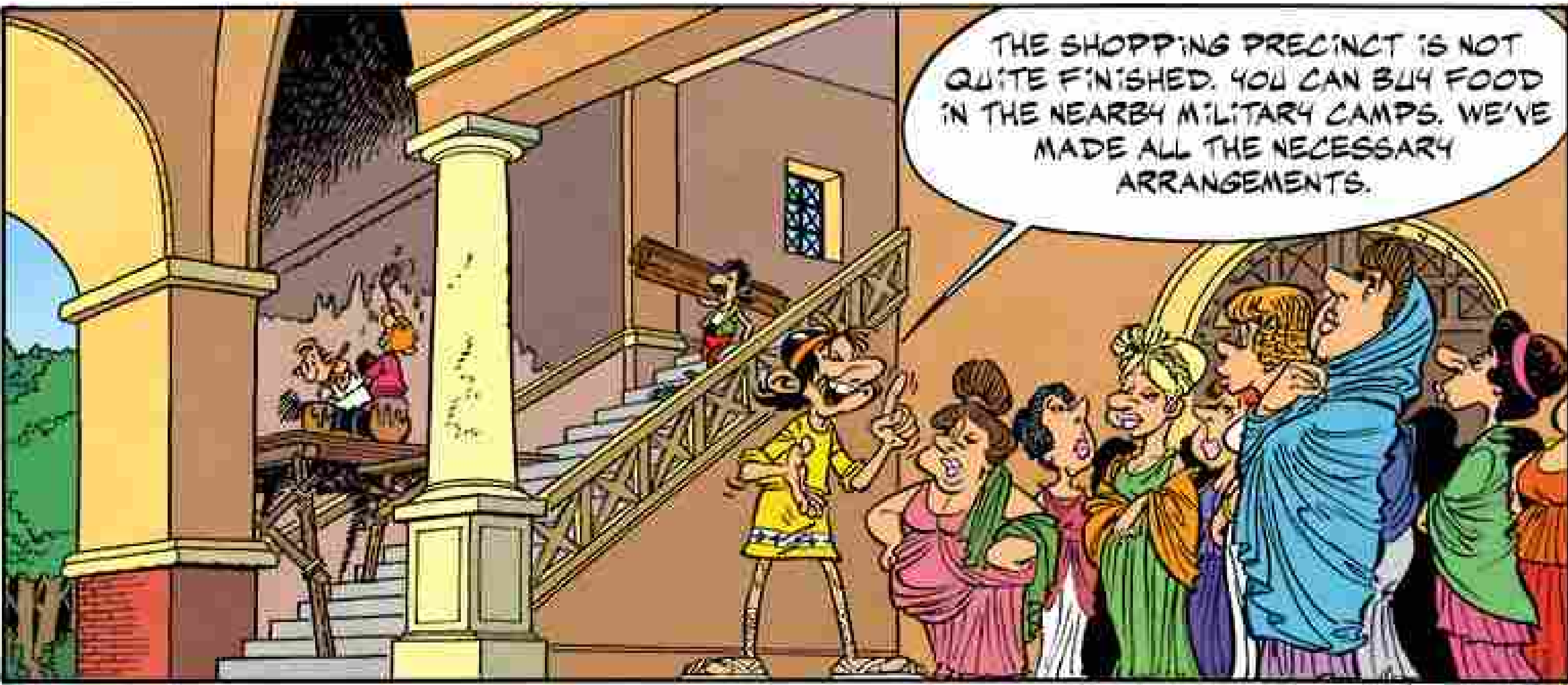
ONCE HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN HAVE GONE, THE MATRON VISITS HER FRIENDS FOR XISES. AFTERWARDS SHE MAY GO TO THE SHOPPING PRECINCT (TO BE CONSTRUCTED) WHERE SHE CAN FIND ALL SHE NEEDS, FROM FOOD AND CLOTHES TO JEWELLERY AND SLAVES. SHE IS HAVING A DINNER PARTY, AND SHE'S ONE SLAVE SHORT? SHE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE SELF-SERVICE SLAVE MARKET! SOON THE FAMILY WILL BE HOME. IT IS TIME TO PREPARE THE CENA.

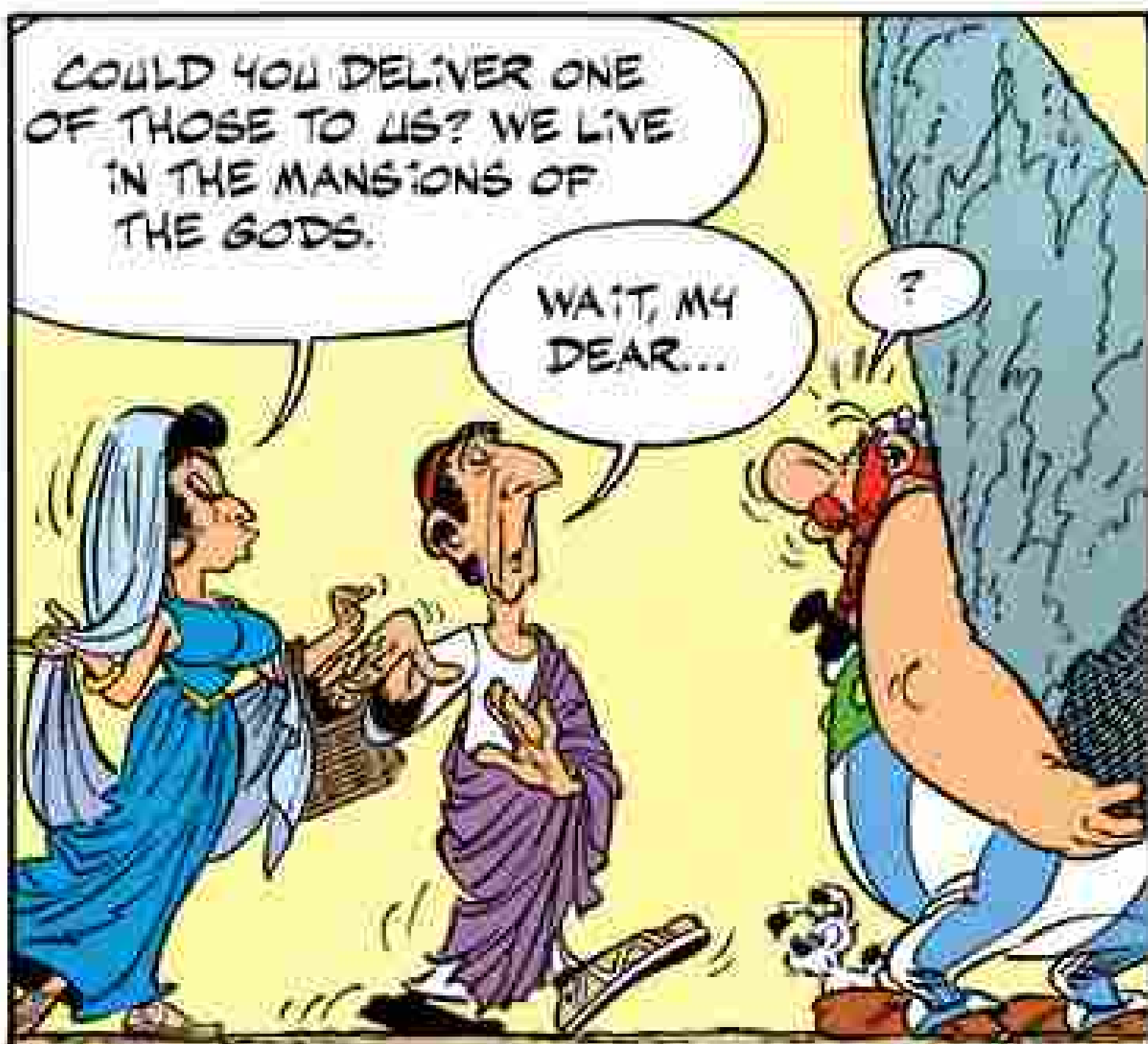
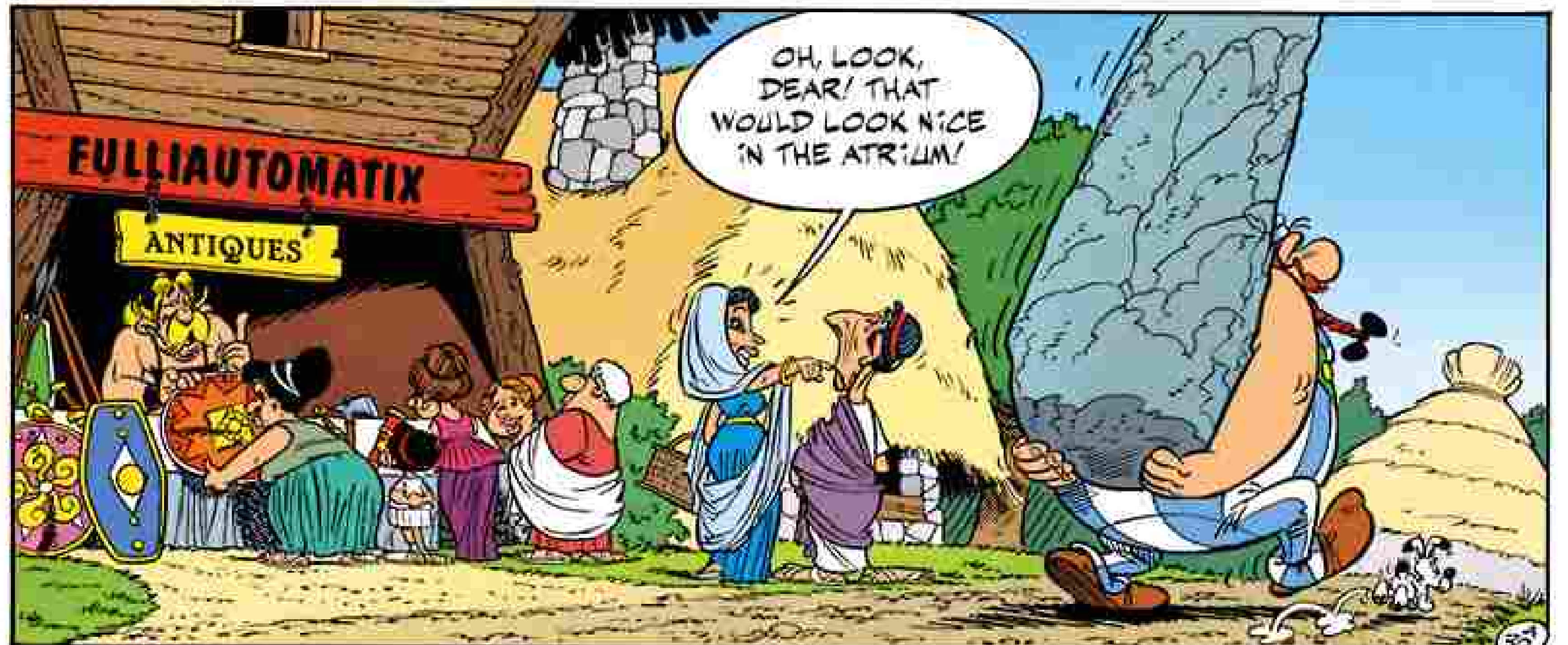
WHEN THE HUSBAND COMES HOME FROM WORK HE CAN VISIT THE BATHS AND THE SPORTS HALL WITH HIS FRIENDS, OR GO FOR A ROMANTIC STROLL WITH HIS WIFE ALONG THE SHADY FOOTPATHS OF THE PARK (WHERE THE WILD BOARS FROLIC). IN THE EVENING, HE CAN GO TO THE GAULISEVM (TO BE CONSTRUCTED), OR SIMPLY HAVE A FEW FRIENDS IN FOR AN ORGY. ALL HE HAS TO DO THEN IS GO TO BED AND AWAIT THE DAWNING OF A MAGNIFICENT NEW DAY, THE SORT OF DAY YOU CAN FIND ONLY IN THE MANSIONS OF THE GODS!

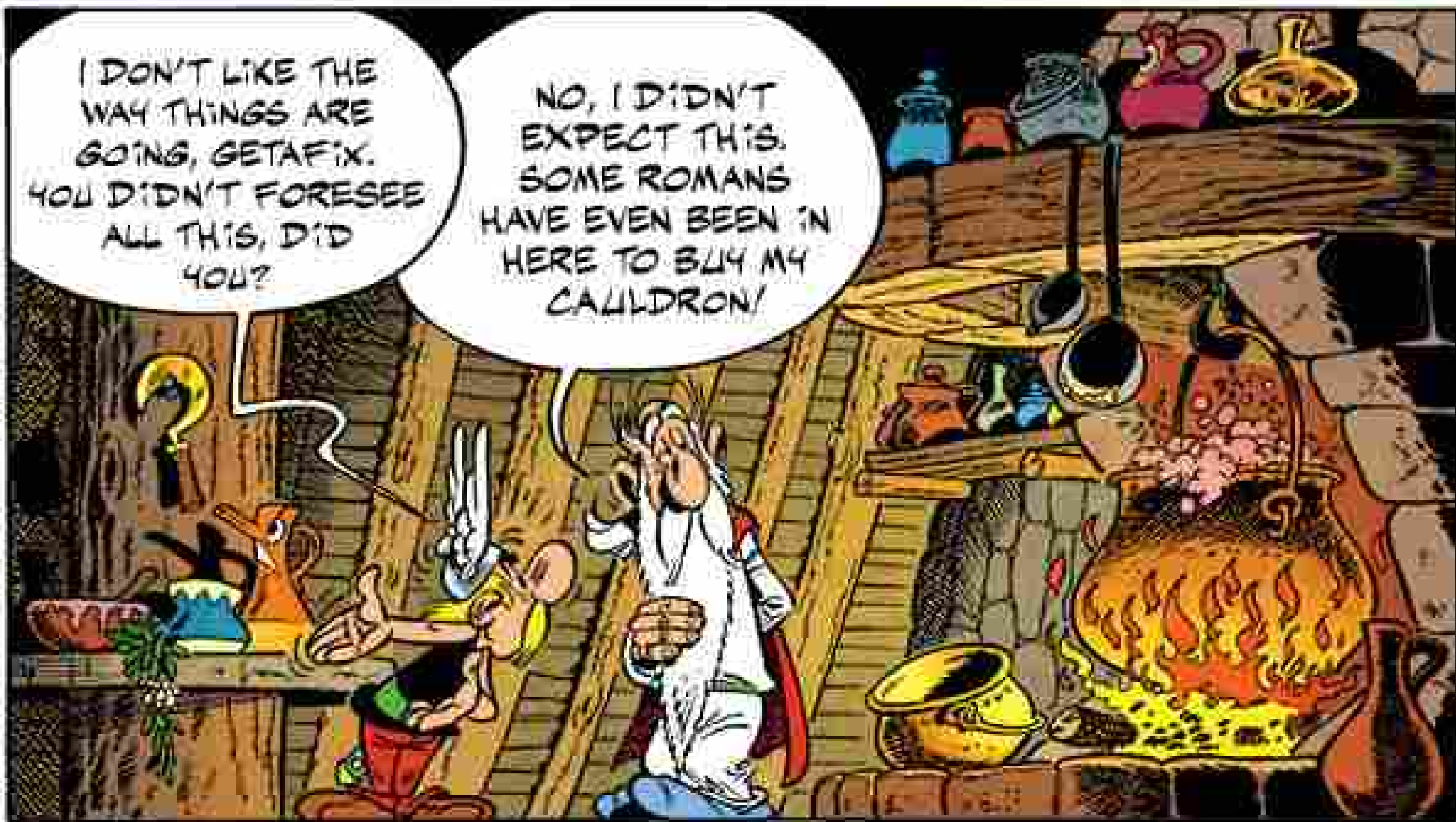
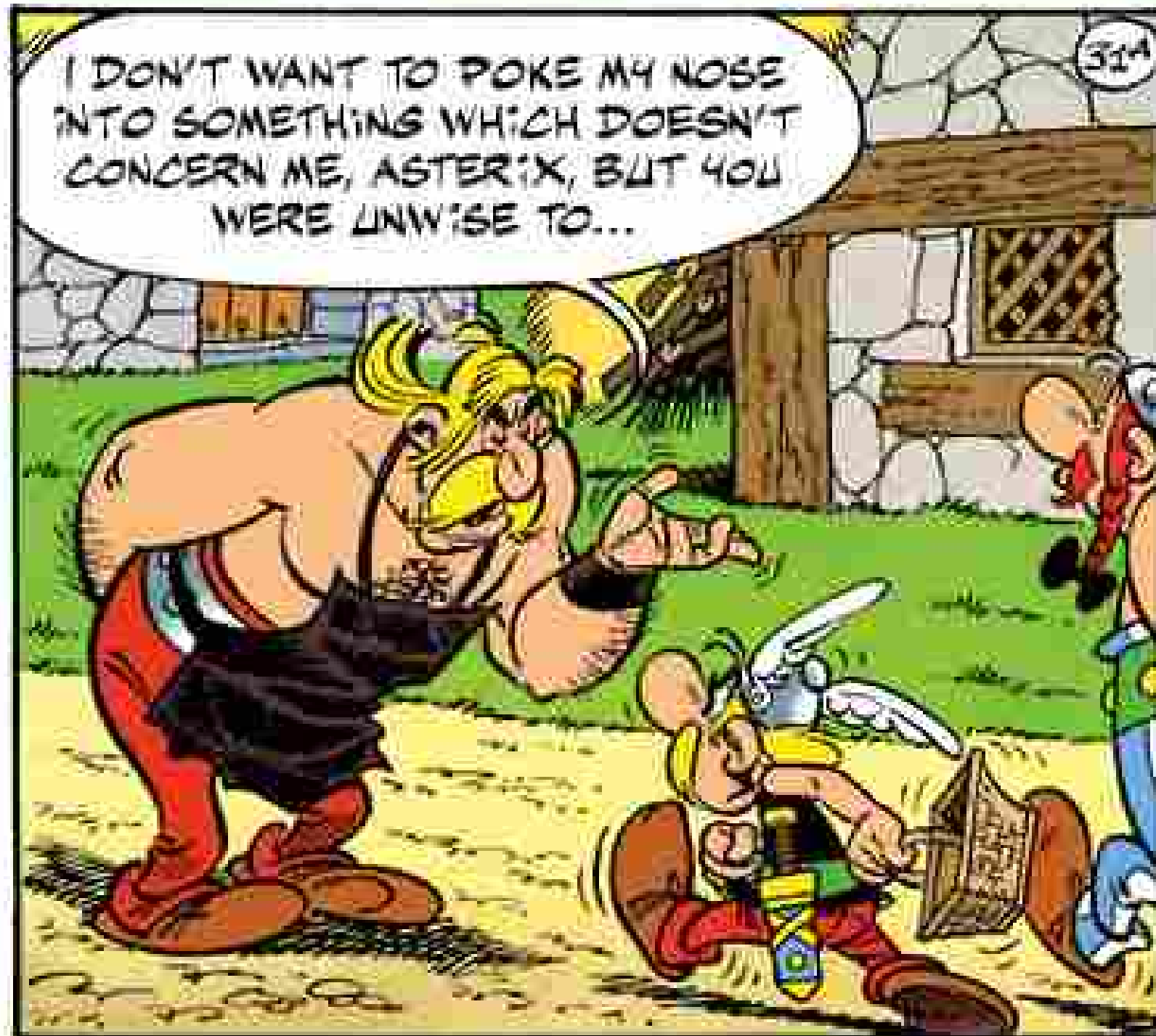
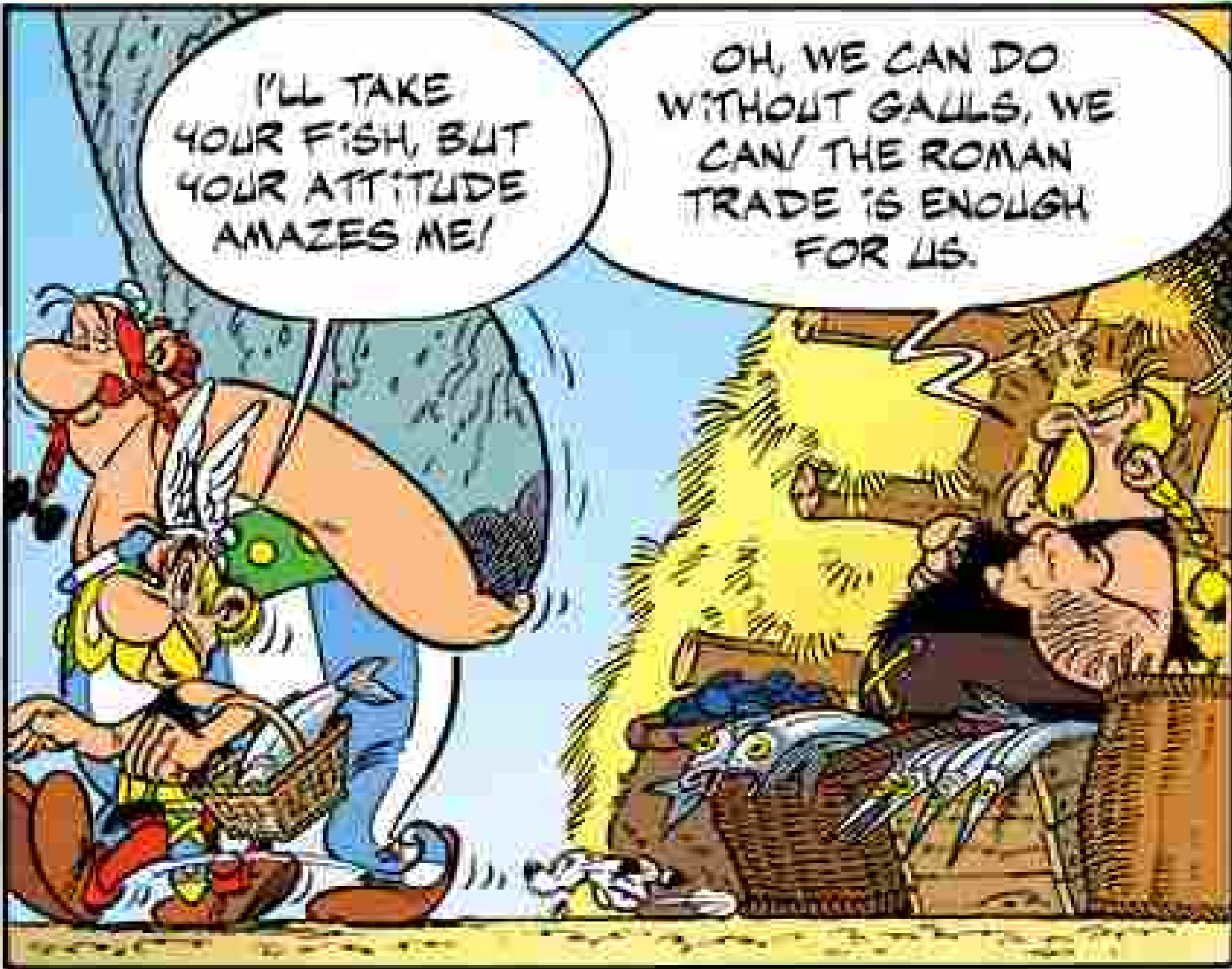
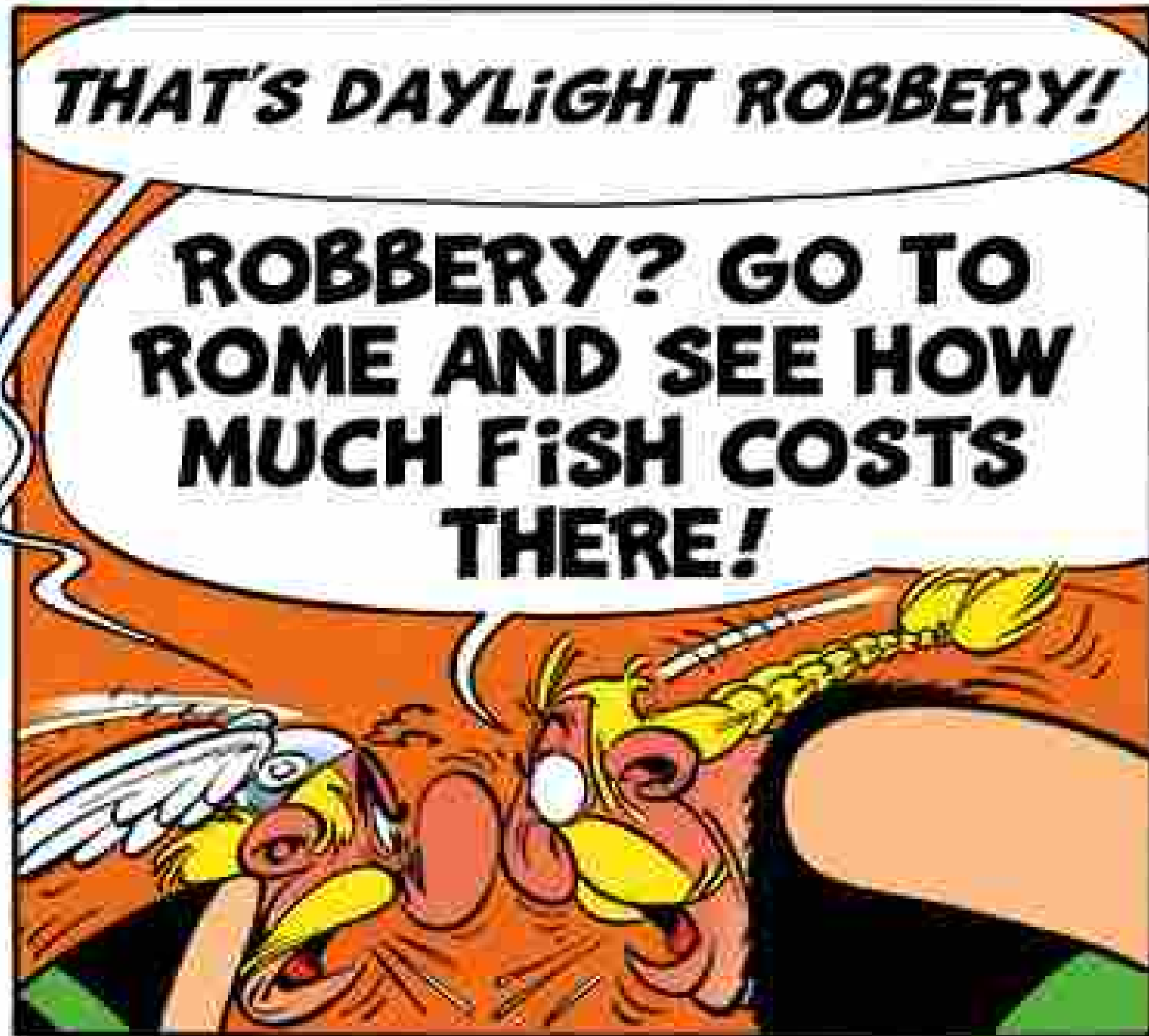


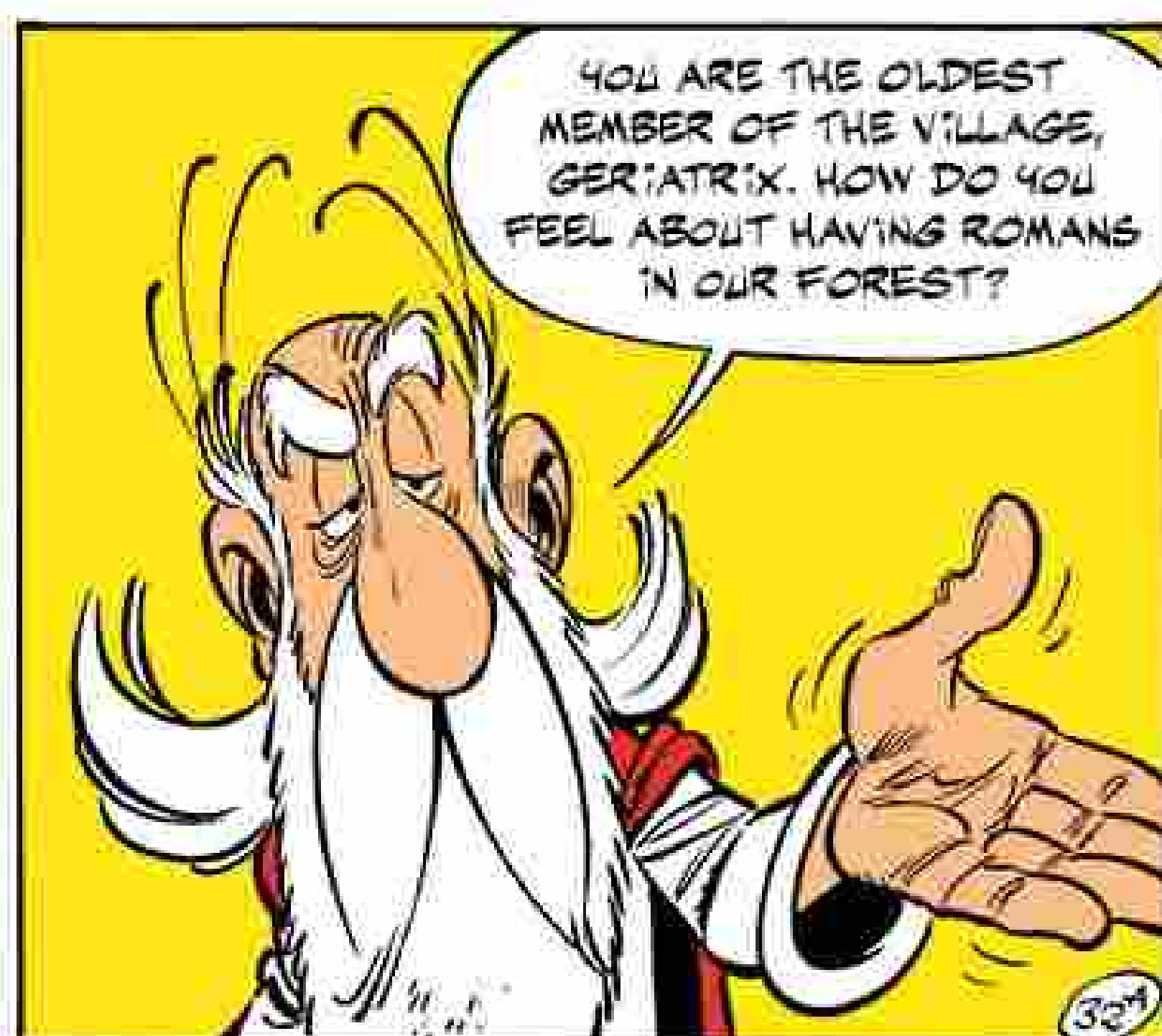
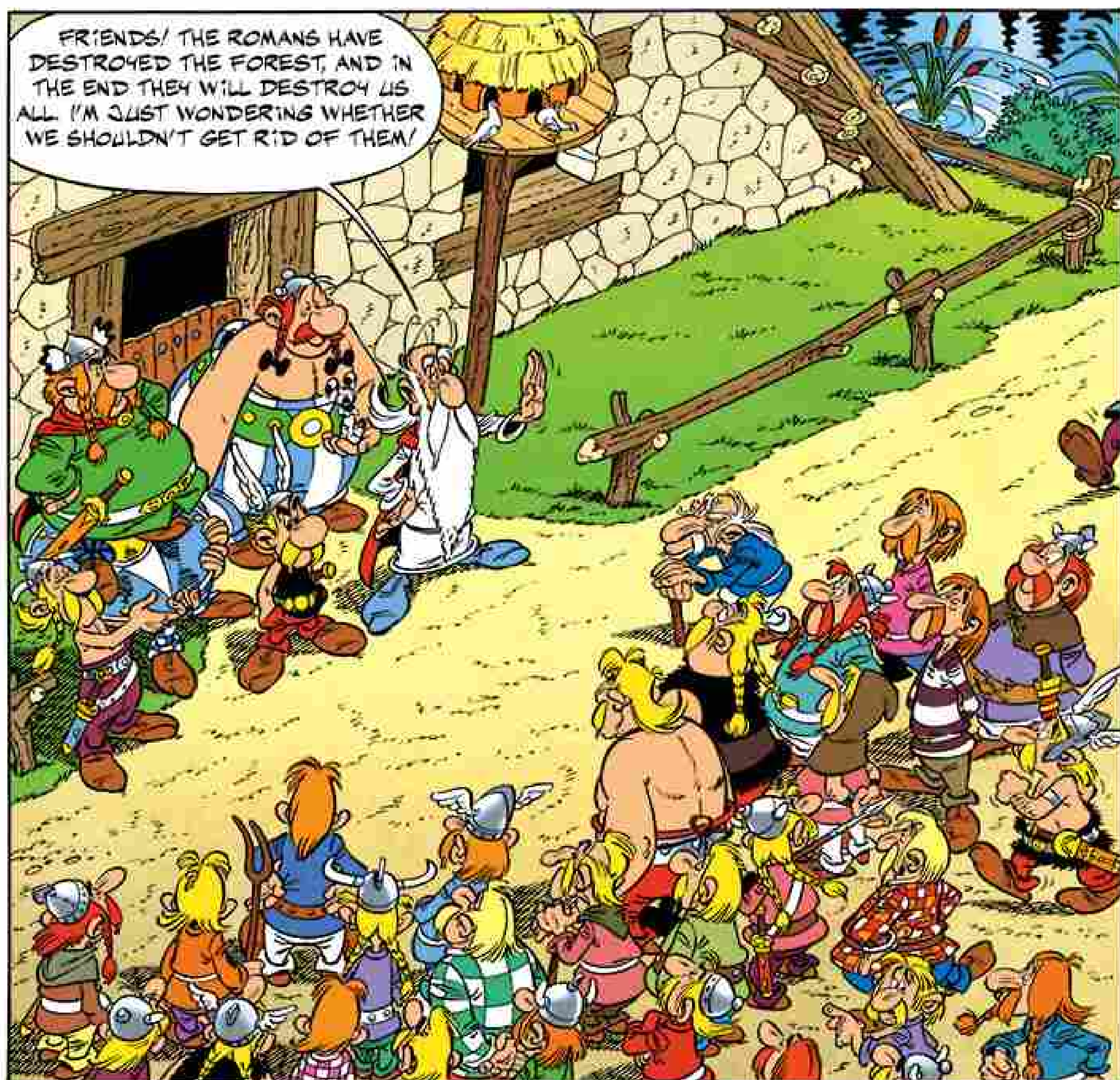


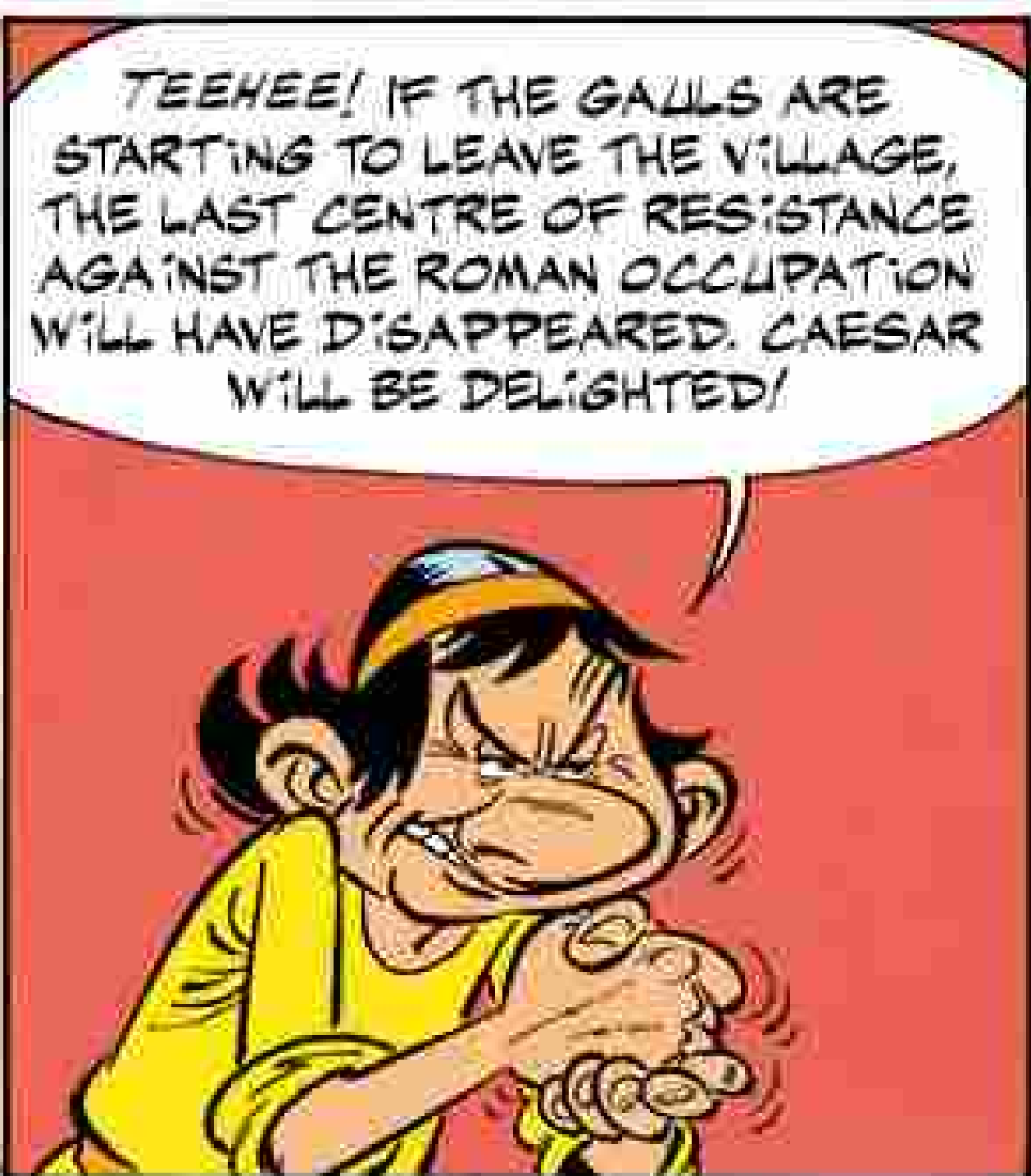
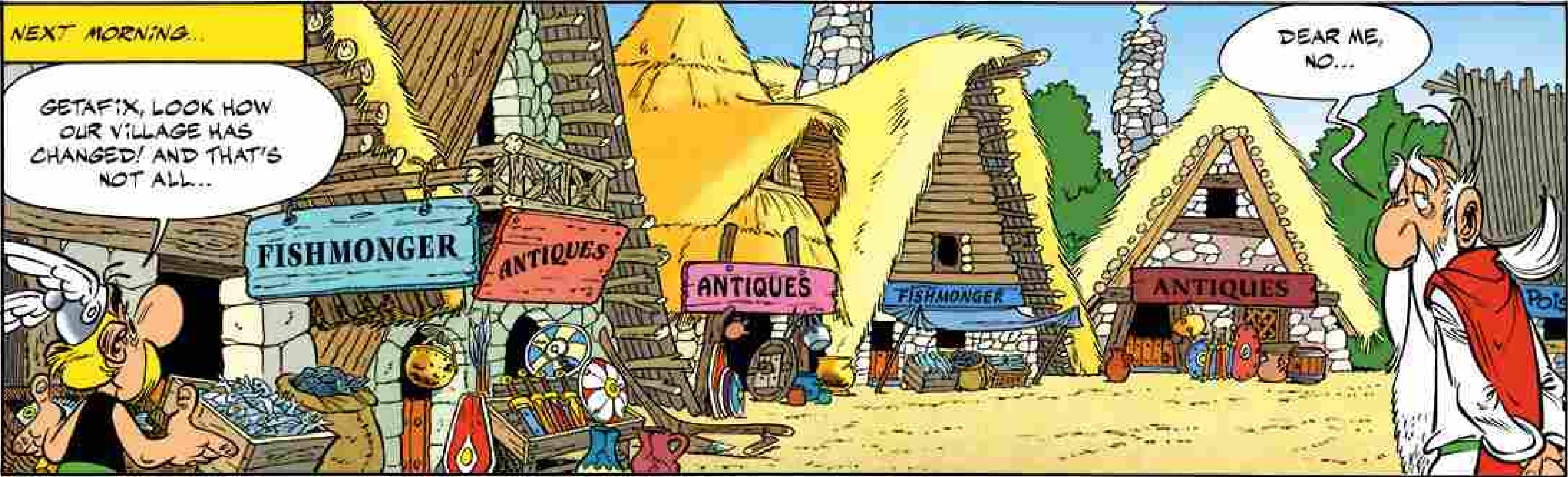


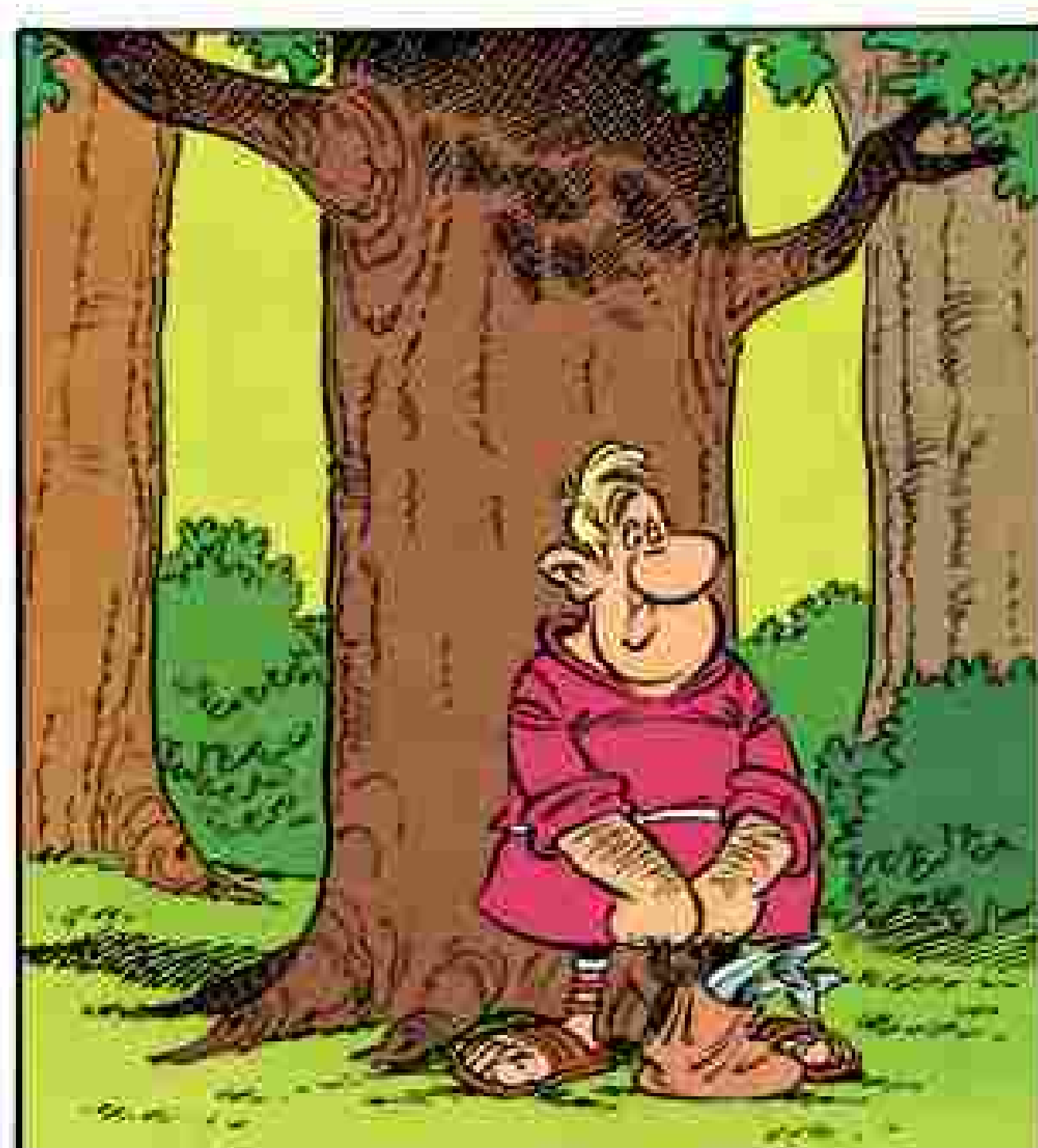
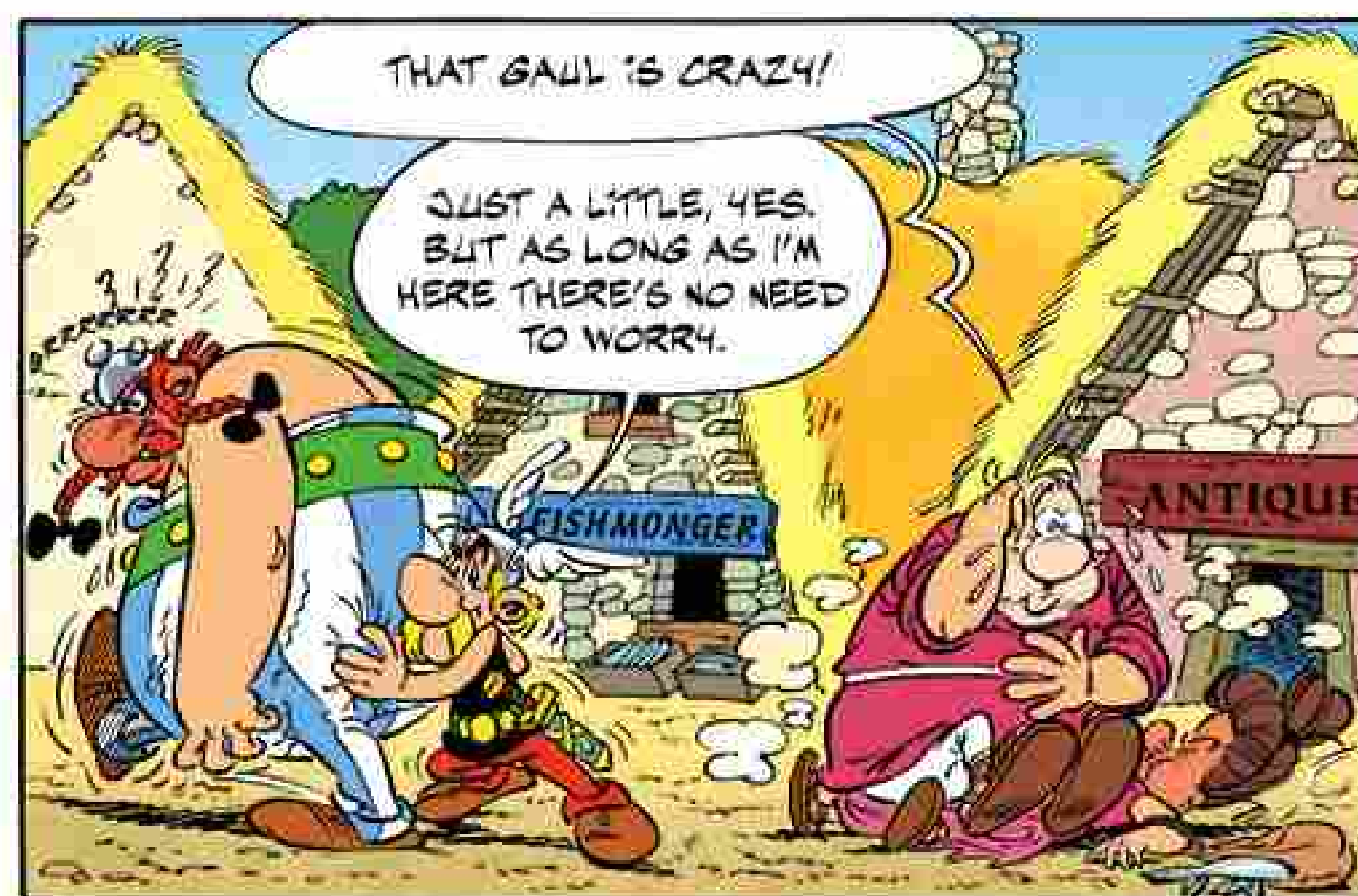
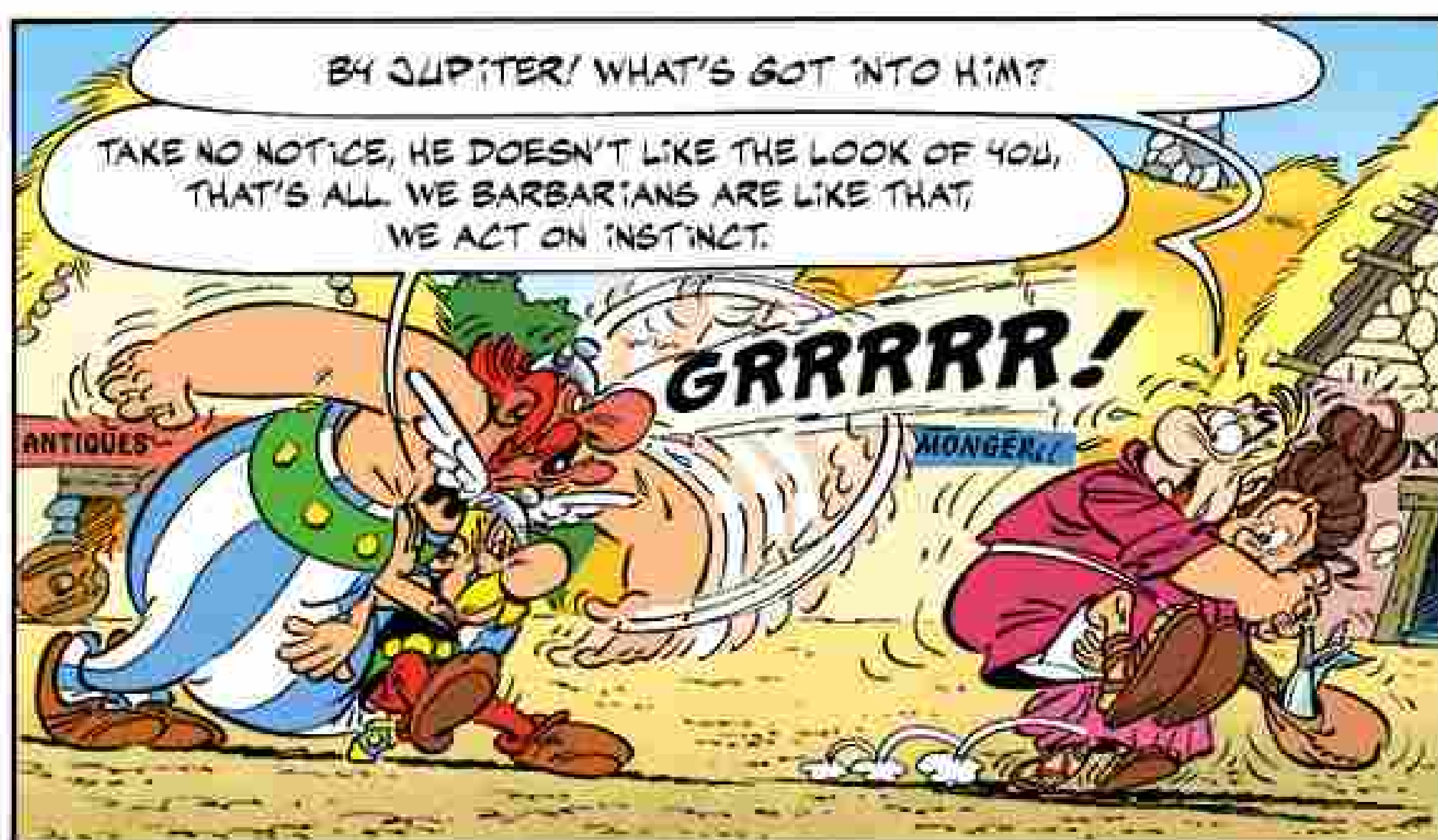


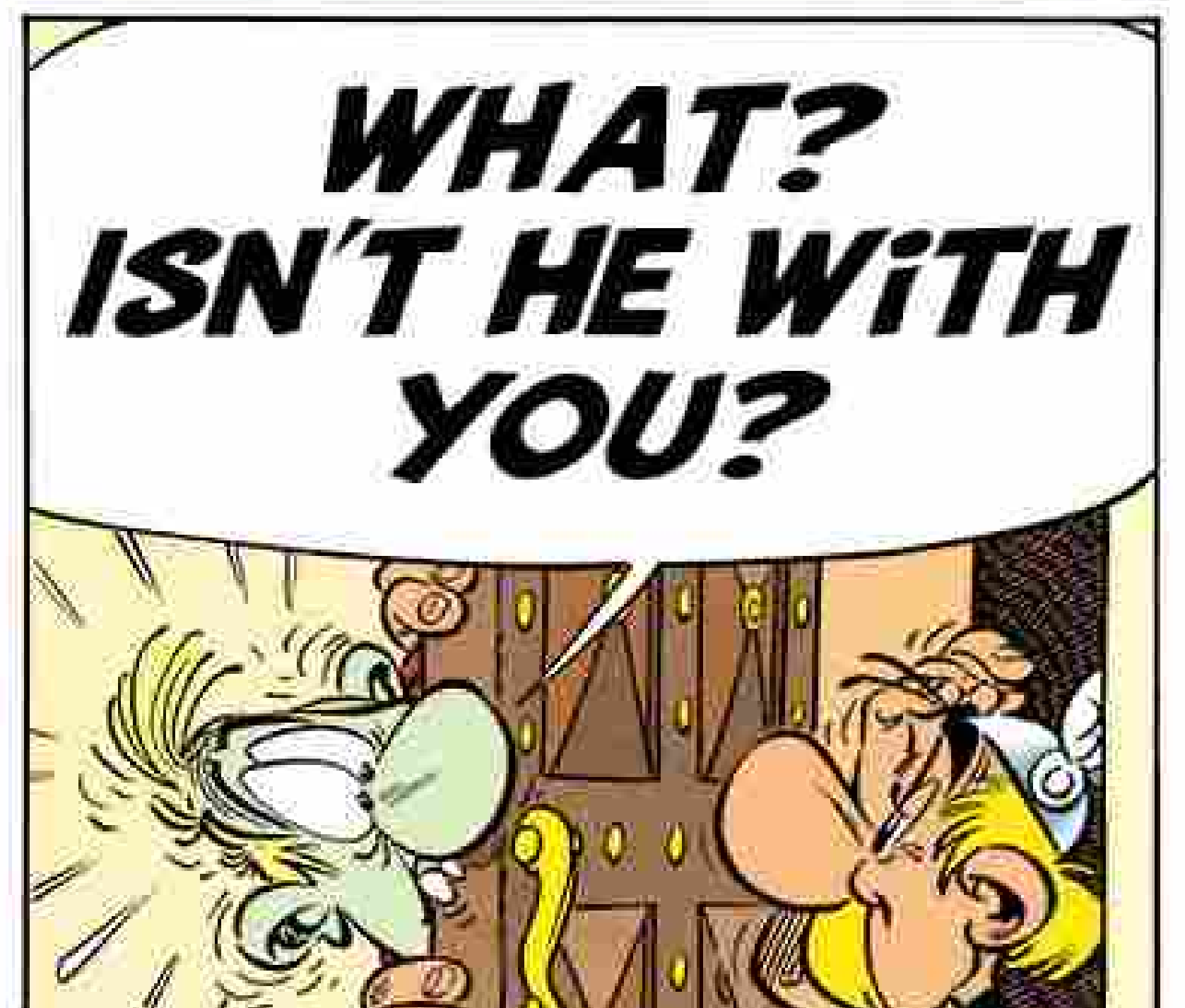
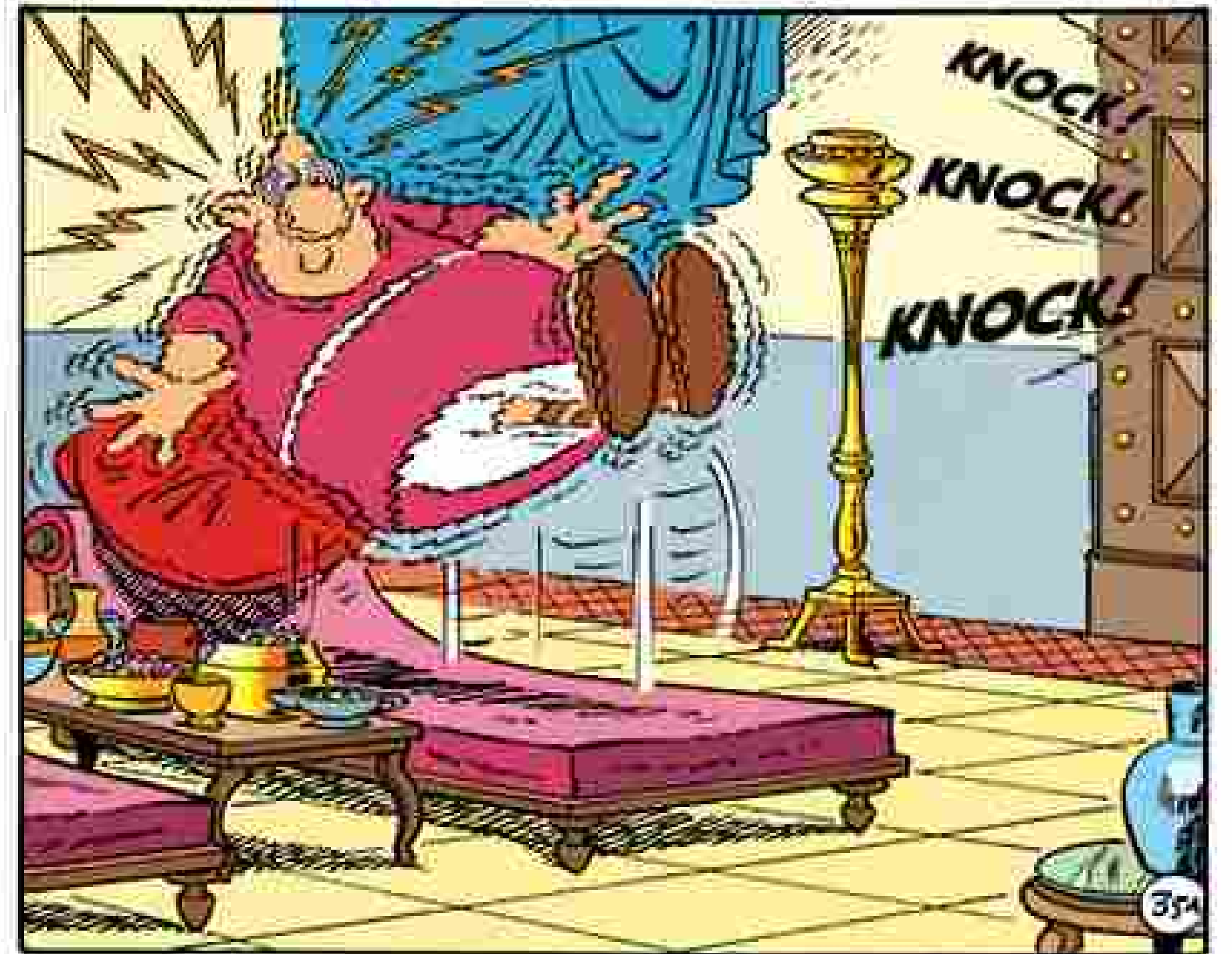






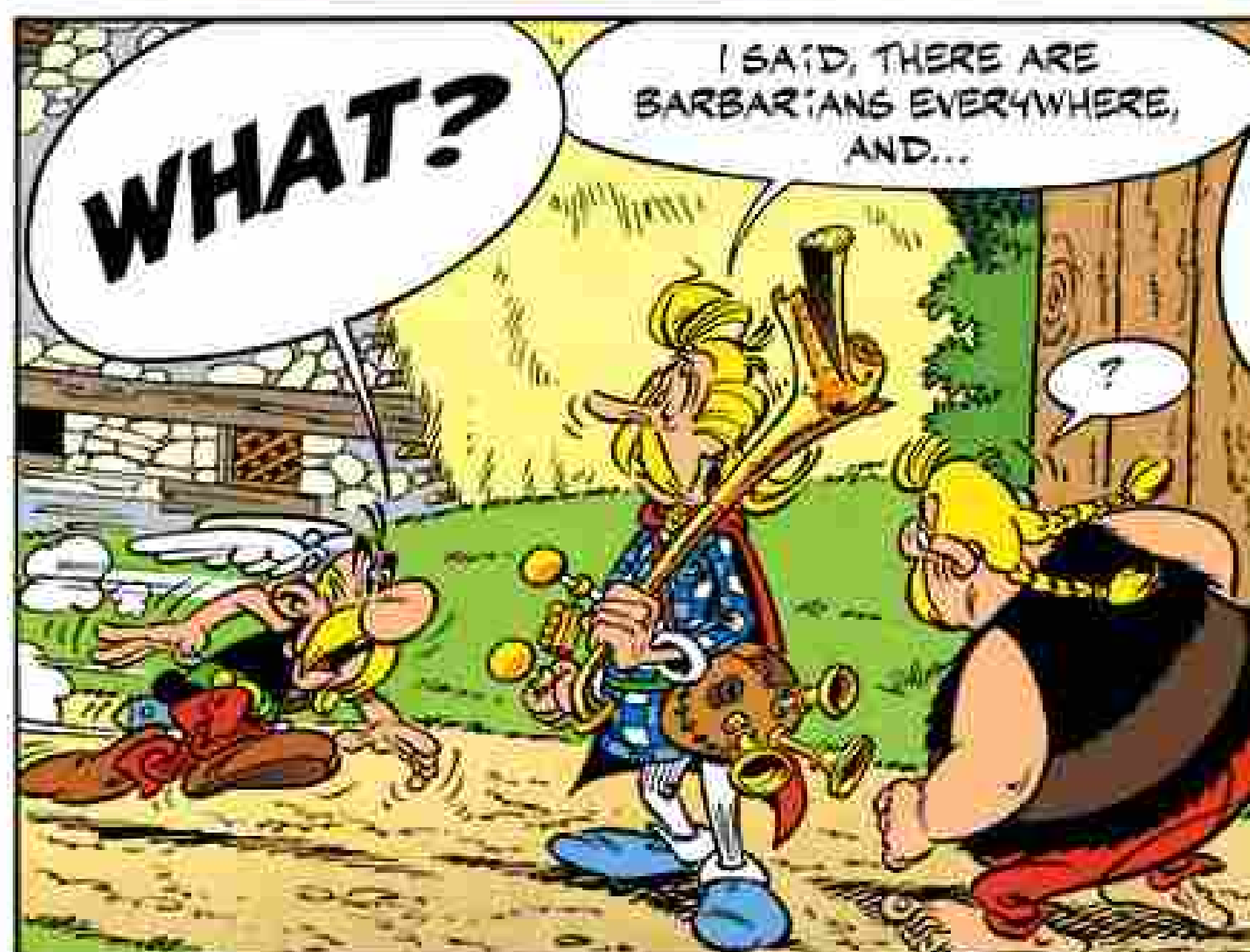
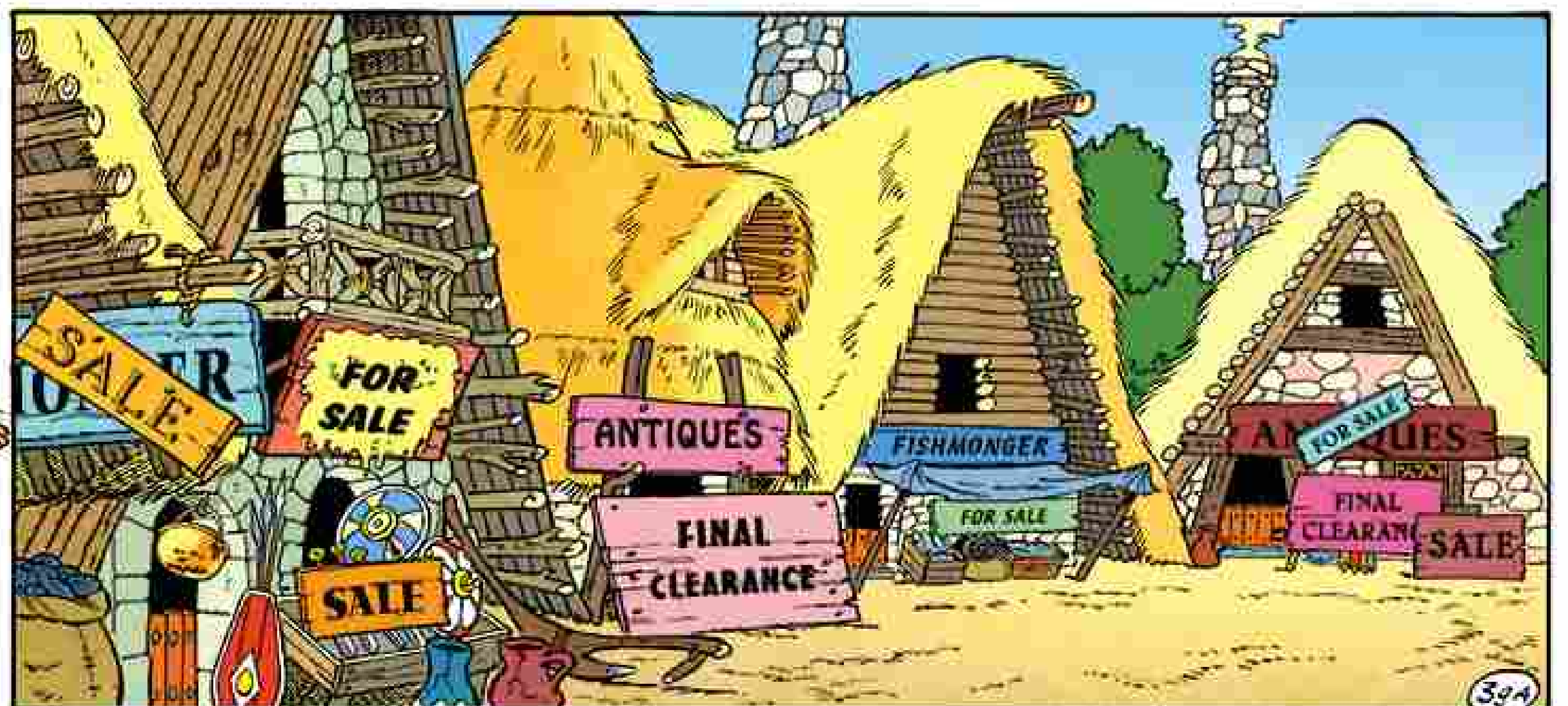
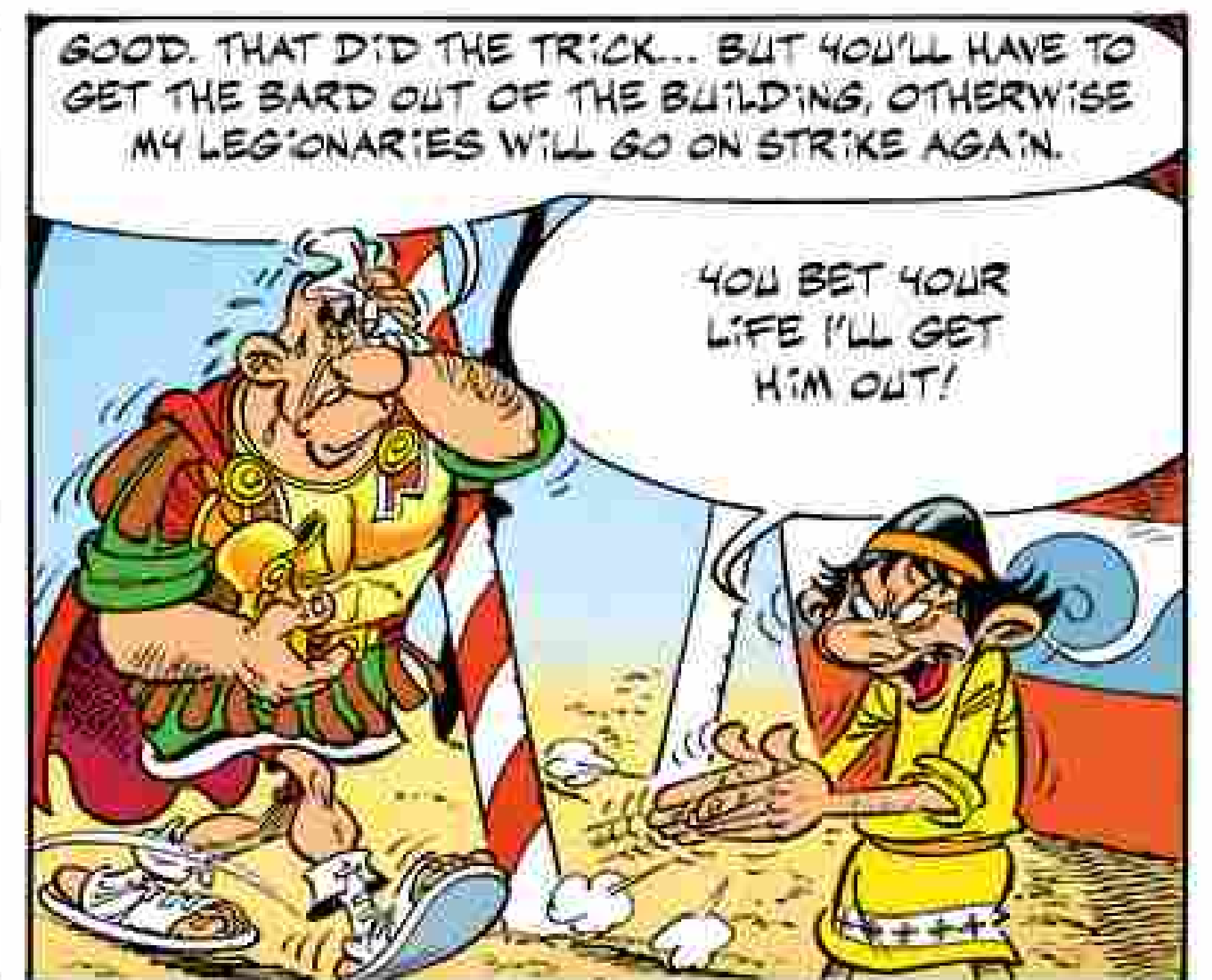


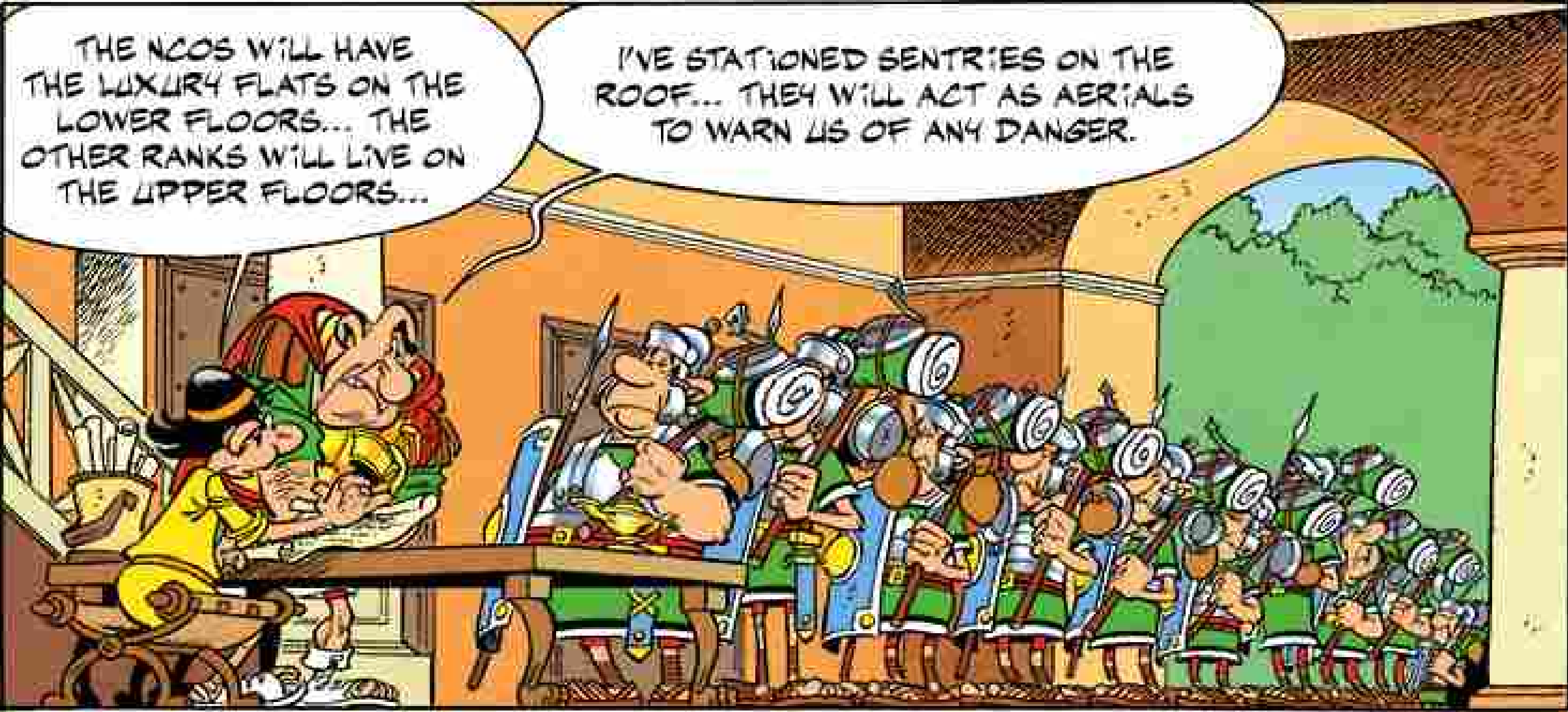


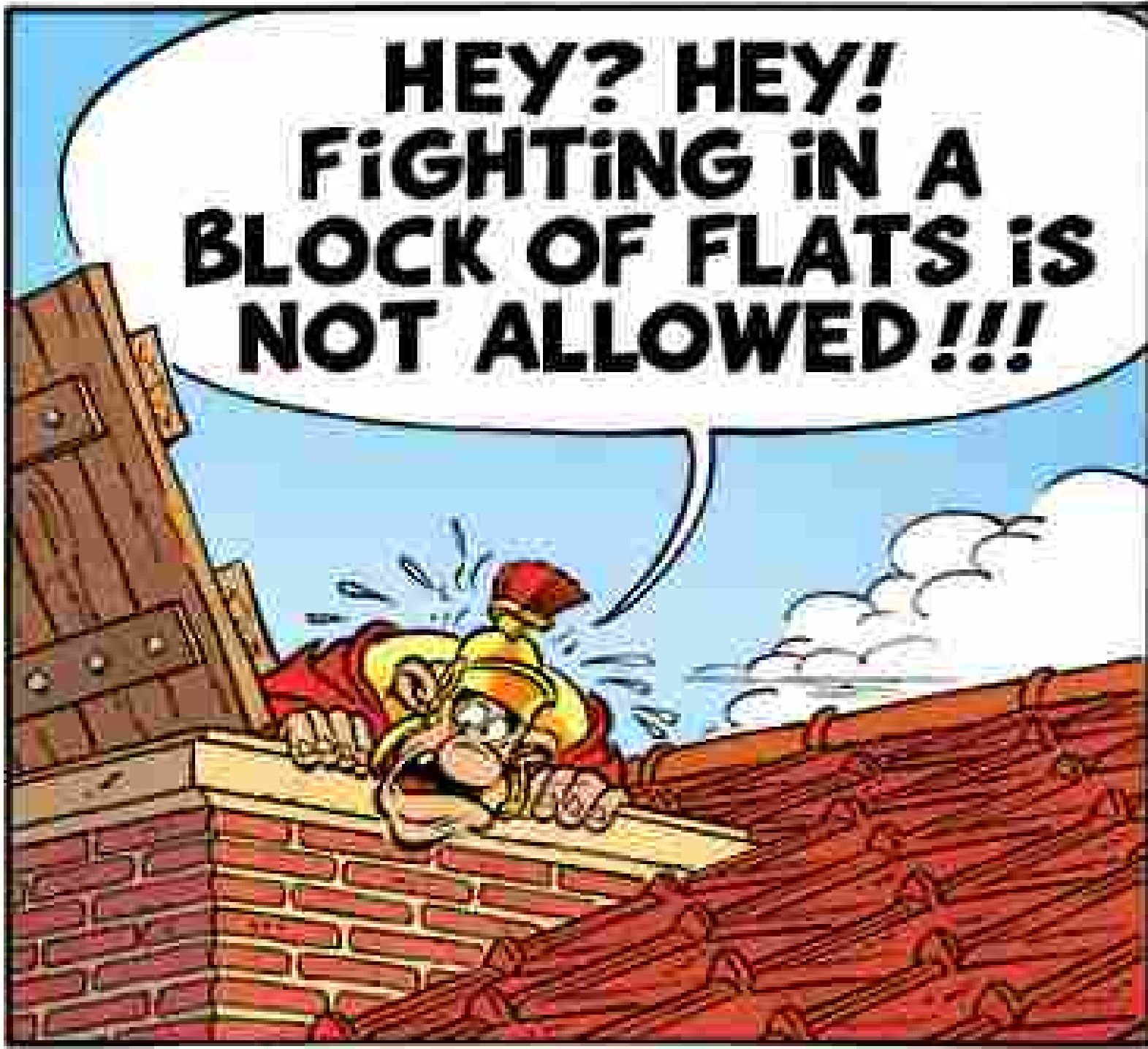














**MAY WE
COME IN?**

**I'M IN MY BATH!
I'M IN MY BATH!**

**THE LAST THREE
FLOORS ARE MINE!**

**KNOCK
AFTER GOING
IN, BY
TOUTATIS!**

**SHUT UP,
OBELIX!
YOU'LL HAVE
WHAT'S
LEFT!**

**WHY
ARE YOU
WAITING TO
GO DOWN, BY
JUPITER?**

**I'VE
ALREADY
HAD MINE!
I'VE ALREADY
HAD MINE!**

**TELL THAT
DOG TO LET
GO OF ME!
DOGS ARE NOT
ALLOWED IN THE
BUILDING!**

**THE CHANGING
OF THE GUARD'S IN
TWO HOURS' TIME.
THOSE ARE OUR
ORDERS.**

**OUCH!
WATCH OUT,
BY BELISAMA!**

**SORRY,
O CHIEF! THE
CEILING'S RATHER
LOW HERE!**

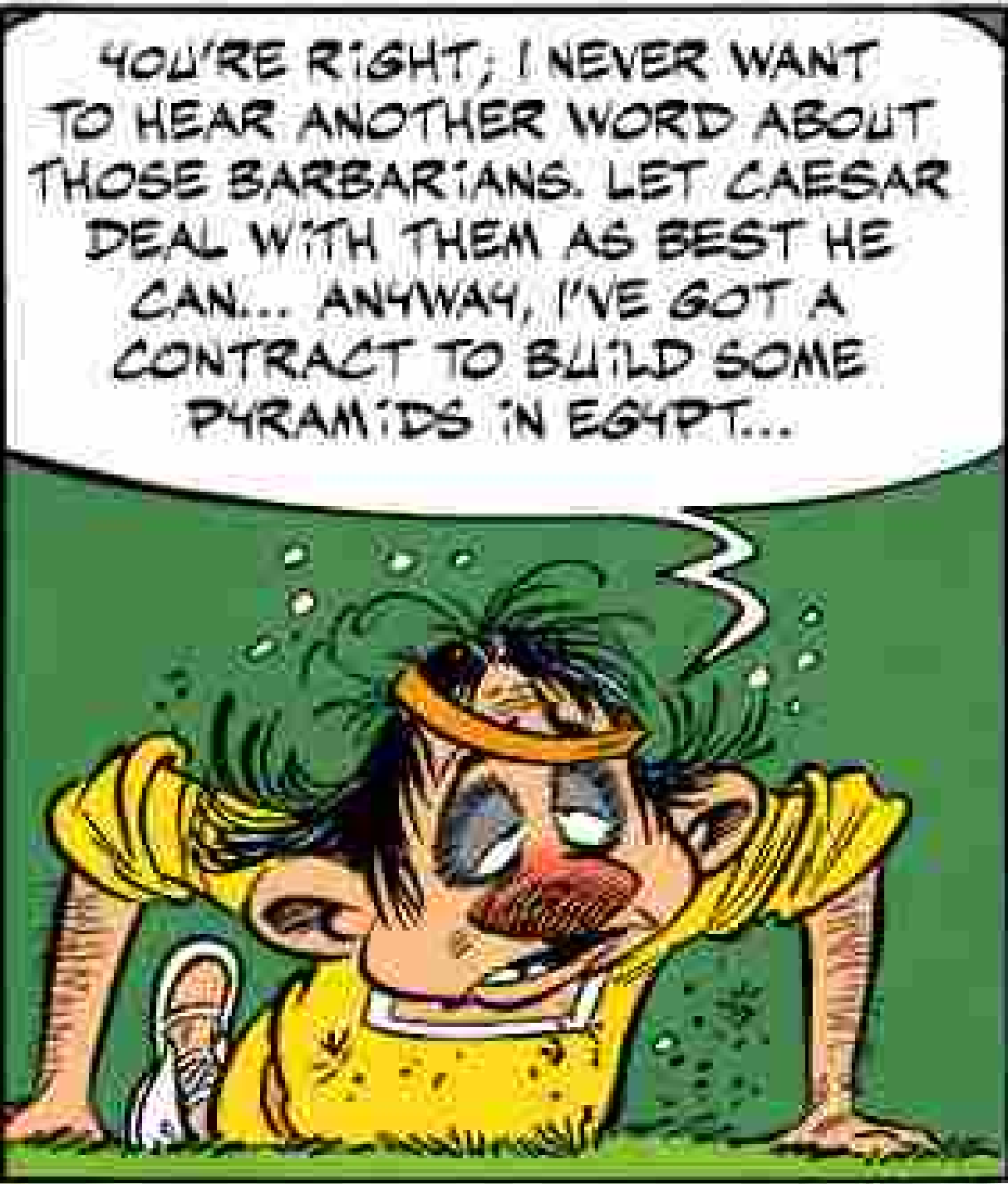
**I'M NOT
HERE! I TELL
YOU I'M NOT
HERE!**

**I SHALL HAVE
SOMETHING TO SAY
AT THE NEXT MEETING
OF THE TENANTS'
ASSOCIATION!**

**LISTEN,
WE DON'T LIVE HERE, YOU
UNDERSTAND... WE'RE JUST VISITING
FRIENDS WHO ARE HAVING A FANCY
DRESS BALL, THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL
DISGUISED AS LEGIONARIES... NOW,
IN THE OTHER FLATS... ARE
YOU LISTENING WHEN I SPEAK
TO YOU?**

**GET THEM
ROUND THE BACK, AT
THE SERVICE ENTRANCE,
BY BELENOS!**

42



AT NIGHTFALL, THE FOREST HAS TAKEN OVER ONCE AGAIN. ONLY A FEW ROMAN REMAINS SHOW THAT THE MANSIONS OF THE GODS EVER STOOD THERE...



O DRUID GETAFIX, DO YOU THINK WE CAN ALWAYS STOP THE COURSE OF EVENTS AS WE HAVE JUST DONE?

OF COURSE NOT, ASTERIX...



BUT WE STILL HAVE TIME, PLENTY OF TIME!

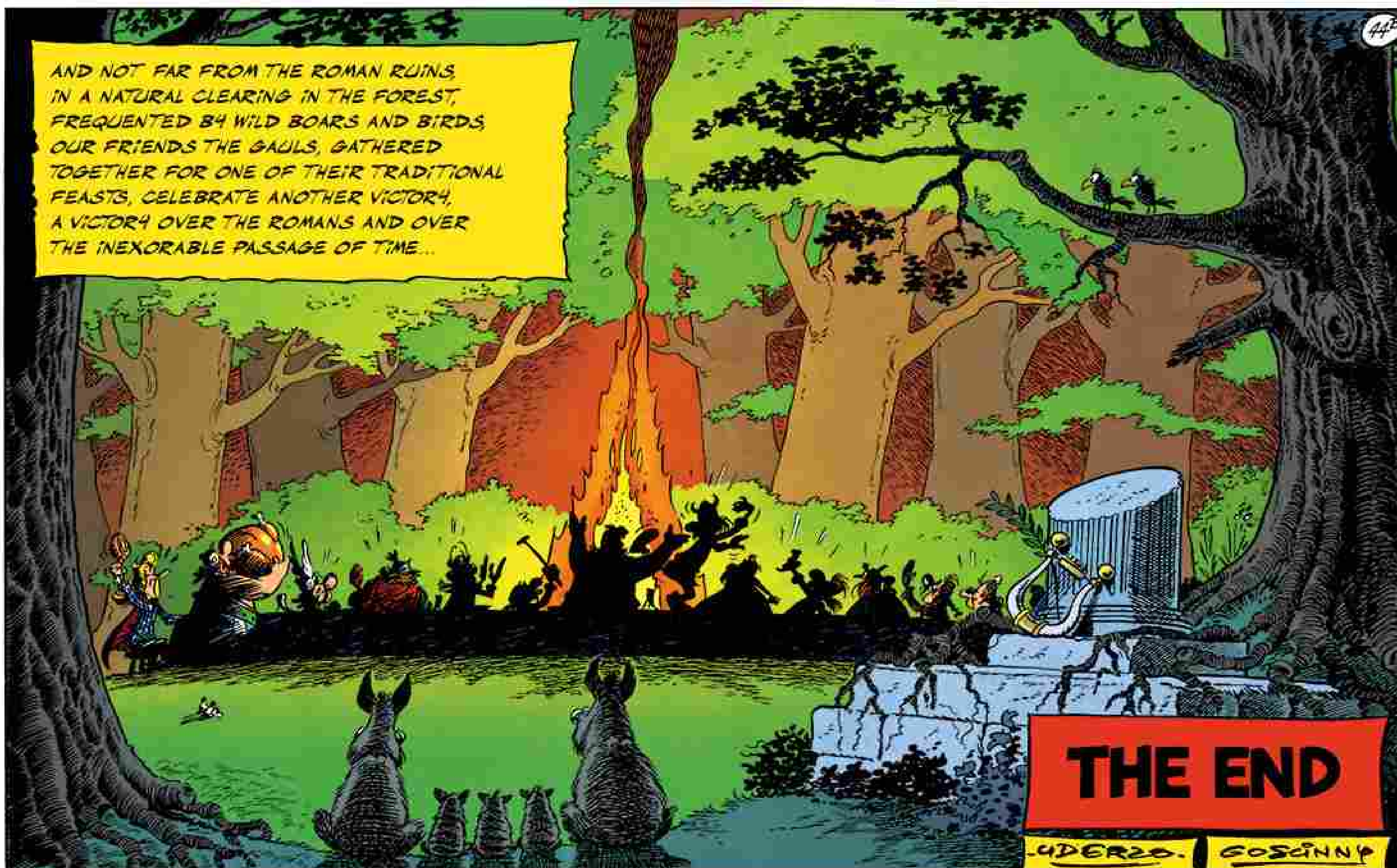
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TIME?



WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME TO WASTE! THE WILD BOARS ARE READY; WE'RE ONLY WAITING FOR YOU!



AND NOT FAR FROM THE ROMAN RUINS, IN A NATURAL CLEARING IN THE FOREST, FREQUENTED BY WILD BOARS AND BIRDS, OUR FRIENDS THE GAULS, GATHERED TOGETHER FOR ONE OF THEIR TRADITIONAL FEASTS, CELEBRATE ANOTHER VICTORY, A VICTORY OVER THE ROMANS AND OVER THE INEXORABLE PASSAGE OF TIME...



THE END

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Revised edition and English translation © 2004 Hachette Livre

Original title: *Le Domaine des dieux*

This eBook first published in 2014 by Orion Children's Books.

Exclusive licensee: Orion Publishing Group

Translators: Anthea Bell and Derek Hockridge

Typography: Bryony Newhouse

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This revised edition first published in 2004 by Orion Books Ltd,

Orion House, 5 Upper Saint Martin's Lane, London WC2H 9EA

An Hachette UK company

This ebook edition has been created using CircularFLO from Circular Software

A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 4440 1324 5

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I FEEL
A BIT WEAK,
GETAFIX ...

NO, OBELIX! YOU
ARE NOT HAVING ANY MAGIC
POTION! YOU KNOW VERY WELL
YOU FELL INTO THE CAULDRON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, AND
IT HAD A PERMANENT
EFFECT ON YOU!



Why
not infiltrate
the little Gaulish
village by building
a modern housing
estate? That's the
plan thought up by
trendy Roman architect
Squaronthehypotenus
to help Caesar crush
the indomitable Gauls.

Will the villagers be
tempted by the chance of
making money when the
first Roman tenants move
in? And what about the
Gauls' secret weapon?
Roll up to see the
Roman remains!

